

# THE CONNOISSEUR.

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## EXPOSITION AU LOUVRE.

AMONG those who enterprize apportioning the degree of successful effort belonging to the executed specimens annually submitted to the unsifted medley of opinions that compose an exhibition-crowd, we notice little evidence of consciousness that there may be prejudice existent in the party judging. Even in our own land, how much is there of this feeling to alloy the fair fitness for estimating value equivalent to quality in the work! How much do the narrow, conventional notions of the writer dim to confused perception his ability for comprehending fancies in others, whose greatest faults are that they are not his fancies! This, common to all, is even more directly applicable to those who have understandable notions on the subject of which they treat; and who have deeply analyzed their thoughts, and been prepared by long-endured severity of enquiry, till they have really and truly established standards of their own. If such obstacles to sufficiency of capacity to judge, exists—as it undoubtedly does exist—at home, how much more domineering is its influence when in another land, among another class of organizations, directed by distinct intentions, surrounded by countenances presenting differences of features, colour, and generality of expression; all combining to produce a grand totality of separation in type of model, and consequent removal of situation in the object which the producers are struggling to approach. All this should be taken into the account when estimating the comparative excellence of opposed schools of Art. But is its presence ever supposed in such estimate? Never! Each critic goes to his task entirely unsuspecting that he has that prejudice of school existing in himself. Taking the quality it is the fashion at home to aim at, as the one thing needful for excellence, he judges and condemns with reference to that alone; for it is not in his power to imagine that such quality may be held as of inferior price among the artists of the school in consideration. Thus even, may two people, each equal in degree of approachment to excellence, be twice as far from each other as from the point at which they are both aiming; while each condemns its rival—not in reference to amount of positive failure, but of difference from itself, equally distant, but on the opposite side of that centre to which their common efforts are directed; and they may agree in their opinions of perfection, but disagree entirely in the means necessary for its attainment.

While on this subject, we may remark, that those among our countrymen who are too apt to listen, without sufficient enquiry, to foreign opinions on English painters, may take for granted, that the prejudice we speak of has much to do with the consequential and unhesitating dictums in which they are so apt to indulge, and to which we have so often taken leave to refer.

In England, Art has been at all times in a distinct position from that it occupies in continental states. The essence of our eminence among nations has been independence of effort as a people; for, possessing the greatest freedom in allowed field

for individual exertion, we receive and look for less assistance from the State, as including with its boons, control, and direction. Our greatness as a people is more attributable to the let-alone, than to the interference, of our legislature. Public convenience, comfort, and even luxury has grown with us to an extent that defies comparison with the rest of Europe, unaided by government subsidies. All we would require or possess is permission. Art in England is thus dependant not upon kings or upon privy councils, but upon the people. Politicians have had no superintendence of artistic production. The anomaly is now being attempted, but it will fail, as being in opposition to our other institutions, and contrary to that independancy of thought to which we have been so long habituated. It is a tyranny to which mediocrity will alone submit, and the result must be disappointment. But to our purpose. Governments have had so much to do with Art abroad, and its directors relying more on precept than practice, its superintendence has been rather entrusted to written theories than experimental acquirement; and metaphysical subtlety has been substituted for practical manipulation. It has thus begun where it should have ended, undertaking to present the soul of thought, independent of the true imitation of its fleshy tenement, or the sufficient representation of the means by which it indicates its presence, and the organs which it animates and directs. We do not assume for English Art, that it has triumphantly combined the two qualities to a great extent; but, in reply to the assertion that it pays too confined an attention to the mechanical and substantial, we would state, that as far as it has gone, it has passed nothing; and has not yet let go the substance, while straining for the shadow. This is the general weakness of Continental Art; it is never in progress, but has always passed by many chief essentials of a picture, that can only be learned by beginning again. It is to this enthusiastic cultivation of a single quality, to the neglect of others, that is attributable the periodical recurrence of extreme fashion in Continental Art. The present manner reaching us islanders only through the writings of its own disciples, or in finely-executed engravings and lithographs, has achieved a renown which a quiet examination of the pictures themselves will not confirm; for the simple quality of drawing being more directly translatable into black and white, it often happens that the print or lithograph is better than the picture itself, as not indicating the weak points of the artist. Thus is the foreigner flattered in his conceit by an estimate on insufficient data; and thus has an Englishman in examining a French exhibition, a certain amount of disappointment to get over before he is fitted for a candid estimate of the real amount of claim on his approbation. We state all this as we feel it, for we are even now unable to say exactly how much the following remarks may or may not be influenced by the preconceived notions or prejudices we speak of.

The number of works presented this year for exhibition, approached the total of five thousand. Two thousand four hundred

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and twelve have been received: viz, eighteen hundred and thirty-three paintings; one hundred and thirty-three sculptures; two hundred and seventy-three water colours, chalk, black lead, and enamels, including miniatures; and one hundred and sixty-eight architectures, engravings, and lithographs. Taking the large size of many of the pictures into account, we may calculate upon some ten thousand square feet of canvas having been covered by the brush in one year. Here is industry if not Art; and if we were to pronounce from the very inferior quality of much that is admitted, in conjunction with the two thousand five hundred turned away, we might fairly insist that painting was no longer a vocation in France, but that a youth became an artist as he would an attorney, without inquiry as to peculiarity of fitness for either. It appears, however, that the number refused is not to be entirely relied on as the measure of inferiority, for the hanging committee of the Louvre is not in better odour among artists than that of Trafalgar Square. In Paris no artist of reputation will trammel himself with its very onerous duties, which consequently descends to those less fit for their sufficient performance. Under the empire, Academicians, and those having received decoration, or having before exhibited, were dispensed from examination by the jury, and their pictures were received of course; only the new applicants for publicity being subjected to that tribunal: but now, we believe, the only privileged are those works executed by order of the king, the ministers of the Interior, or other government department. Thus, many celebrated names happen this season to be among the number of those complaining of exclusion. Without accusing the jury of partiality, we may account for the unsatisfactory fulfilment of their task, by observing that the time bestowed upon its performance did not permit more than half a minute of attention to each work, or an hour to upwards of one hundred. We are, therefore, supposing some works to have attractions for obtaining a more than average share of attention, allowed to doubt that every specimen had even been looked at, not to say examined, and it is impossible that anything short of inspiration could enable them justly to select in so brief a period: we must not consequently conclude, that the average of the rejected were inferior to many that were hung up. They have continued this year to leave uncovered the ancient masters of the Italian and Flemish schools, for which we were grateful; but it is not incomprehensible that a government putting forth such lofty pretensions to the culture and patronage of high Art should continue, not merely to enclose from public contemplation for four months in each year the treasures they possess, but that those treasures should be annually exposed to accident from careless or mischievous workmen employed to erect a scaffolding close to the surface of those pictures, on which to hang the modern exhibition. It is asserted that more than one mischief has already occurred from the practice. Why not contrive some erection for the reception of living Art? The want of money is no excuse. Whatever the small economists in London may say of the shilling exhibition, the French are quite ready to pay for such enjoyments. The comparatively small collection opened lately at the Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle, for the benefit of the Artists' Association, produced in six weeks thirty-five thousand francs. Let the price of admission to the National Exhibition be a trifling amount, to be considerably augmented on certain days, and the funds will at once more than cover the interest of the money expended.

We must ourselves protest against the order, or rather disorder, of arrangement, or rather disarrangement, with which the catalogue and the exhibition are connected, or rather disconnected, with each other. The one is an alphabetically arranged list of the artists' names, under each of which in succeeding numbers are his pictures indicated: while, on the walls of the exhibition,

there is no relative arrangement whatever. No. 2 may be a distance of one hundred yards from No. 1, and No. 3 be next to No. 1,500; an artist has no clue by which to find his own pictures, and we have known instances of a search of three successive days without discovering them. There is a want of order in this chance medley that makes us look for corresponding phrenological development. This is to a stranger most embarrassing; for not being familiar with the individuality of manner or style in an artist, two hours' observation of the pictures involves four hours' examination of the catalogue, and a sufficient memory of the whole is scarcely possible.

To us the most striking picture in the exhibition is the *Batt'e of Isley* by Horace Vernet. It is truly a production of its period, owes nothing to imitation, and may hang beside the best of any age without fear of deterioration by comparison. As far as fulfilment of intention, the true criterion by which a work of Art may be judged, this appears to us a perfect picture. True it approaches to a panorama, but that is its intention; it is the character of its composition, excusing it from artificial arrangement of effect. It is in broad open day-light, has truth of colour, enough of texture, exquisite drawing, masterly handling, sufficient reality in masculine sentiment of expression, aerial and linear perspective that at once satisfies perception, lines of composition that never cut each other disagreeably, and an entire avoidance of affectation in depicting its story, that renders it a work of Art to which Frenchmen may refer with satisfaction. It is by some considered inferior to the *Smala*, but we believe the difference is in subject only, the Seraglio of the Arab in the other picture having afforded more of scope to the painter as well as interest to the spectator. A small portrait by the same artist for its size possesses higher qualities as a picture than any other of the class in the exhibition.

The next painter of importance is Ary Scheffer, who has, after having discontinued exhibiting for some years, sent in seven pictures. This artist cannot be said to belong to the French school of painters. His beauties and his defects present nothing in common with the pictures by which he is surrounded. His manner is as distinctly German as his name. He is what is styled an intellectual painter, sacrificing all other qualities of Art to expression alone; and, in the endeavour to trace upon his canvas the extreme image of emotion, he is heedless of colour, not remarkably attentive to form, totally neglectful of chiaro oscuro, and careless of linear compositional arrangement. His pictures thus resolve themselves into extreme depictions of grief, despair, and sickness to the uttermost of human bearing. He tasks himself to the production of the greatest variety of woeful image. To this is sacrificed all solidity in treatment and manipulation; for as there is not a touch of the pencil that has not intention towards the sentiment in his mind, he dares not risk the delicacy of his proposed result by an under painting, and we may occasionally trace the charcoal sketch of his design appearing through the thinly stippled flesh tint of the finished picture. The accessories are, of necessity, kept in corresponding quietness, not so much by choice as compulsion, from the lowness of tone in the principals. This produces exceeding simplicity in the mechanical manipulation; still is there so complete a grasp of intention in the whole, to which every touch seems directed by absolute will in the artist, that we do not say, when looking on his work, that he could not do that which he has left undone; but that he did not think it necessary. There are two qualities of Art requisite for a perfect picture; truth of imitation in the object painted, and the successful mental intimation of the true sentiment of the subject. Most artists (and it is made a reproach to the British school that they generally) occupy themselves too



much with the mechanical portion of their work to the neglect of this high quality of sentiment. Ary Scheffer passes every thing for that; in either case Art is much simplified. We like to see their combination aimed at. The picture most considered is *Faust at the Sabbath perceiving the phantom of Margaret*. It is very beautiful for the qualities we have enumerated; but as the figures are full length, as large as life, and only the faces attract attention, we should consider the whole too large a canvas for the subject. The fellow picture, *Faust and Margaret in the garden*, has the same objection as to size, with not an equality of attraction as to beauty, or high class sentiment in the heads. We found more exceeding truth and divinity of expression in *The Christ and the Holy Women*; the subject seems a warranty for its intention; there is a calmness and resignation mingled with their grief that rescues it from appearance of effort, and Art is no where visible. The picture being, as it were a group of heads, it contained the essence of his excellence unburdened by the portion he neglects. We find in the other pictures rather an appearance of consumption than of sentiment, more an expression of consciousness that some internal malady was undermining the constitution of the individual, and suggesting unpleasant ideas of a sick bed, than the exact expression of deep thought. The most effective, as a coloured composition, was that of *Christ bearing the Cross*, in which the whole composition, though, perhaps, not so intense in character, presented more of the requisite qualities that constitute a picture. Though, when looking at the composed paintings of Ary Scheffer, we were not reminded of inability for well producing the mechanical or merely imitative qualities of Art, a view of the portrait of M. De Lamennais, by that artist, would scarcely save him from such suspicion. He has clearly little perception for truth in imitation. Scheffer has far more aptitude for depicting the model in his thought than to perceive peculiarities in the character of that before him. We never looked upon a more disagreeable or less artistic production than the portrait of M. De Lamennais by Ary Scheffer; no middle term will serve—it is detestable.

Henry Scheffer is an imitator of his brother, very inferior in his peculiar qualities, but attempting more as a colorist, and as a portrait painter, more successful.

In the Salon Carré is a large picture by M. Adolphe Brun, which is a tolerably fair specimen of French drawing: the composition is simply nothing more than a large academy study; as composition, it is a murder—a generality:—nothing speaks to our senses of Cain or of Abel. It is neither the murderer nor the victim of the scriptures. The drawing is anatomically correct, but we perceive no elevation in the model. The painter had little familiarity with the forms of the Theseus or Ilyssus of the Elgin collection when creating his *beau idéal*. The execution is cold throughout; and, though the artist has clearly intended to place his figures in full sunshine, there is not a tone of sunshine in the picture. We cannot see the necessity of so large a canvas for such a composition. There are two pictures by Auguste de Bay, entitled *Sagesse et Bonheur*, and *Inconduite et misère*, the first of which is a very advantageous specimen of French colouring; but the second we think a failure, it has all the dirty green so generally observable in the flesh tints. We were much satisfied by *The Prisoner of Chillon*, painted by Edouard Dubufe; composition, drawing, *chiaro oscuro*, and colour, meet in this picture to form a work not often produced anywhere. M. Glaise has two large pictures: *L'Etoile de Bethleem*, an outrageous attempt at brilliancy of colouring, through which the spectator can with difficulty discover the true intention of composition. The infant Jesus, the Virgin and St. Joseph, are in the back ground, while the magi at the front are looking towards the

spectator. We suppose failures, such as this, become a warning to French artists, and they fall back into their cold, frozen manner, as if there were no other means of giving agreeableness of tone to a picture. The second picture, *Le Sang de Venus*, is equally an extensive mistake, though on another tack. Two pictures by Charles Landelles, entitled *Aujourd'hui*, and *Demain*, exhibiting a female in the hey-day of her dissipation, and the depth of misery that follows, are very tolerably coloured for the school. Of *The Martyrdom of St. Geneste* we can only say, that if its goodness were in proportion to its size it would be infinitely better than it is. We cannot understand the motive that impels our neighbours to spoiling canvasses of such dimensions. Henry Lehmann has given us composed pictures of Hamlet, Ophelia, and the Oceanides from "Prometheus Chained." The last is a composition of a group of naked females in the fore-ground, Prometheus being placed on a rock in the distance. The principal group is well managed, though the female in front gives suspicion of an imitation of, or a sort of squeeze from Michael Angelo. The ordonnance is, notwithstanding, satisfactory, and the drawing masterly in character; but what shall we say of the colour? The artist might have copied the flesh tints from painted wood. The Hamlet and Ophelia are clever productions: the latter, something common-place in expression, and of inferior model in countenance, which has no pretension to truth or agreeableness in colour, with something of insufficiency in the drawing of the body. The Hamlet is not the Hamlet we have depicted in our minds; he has a beard and a German look about him that, however defensible by the artist from the text itself, does not make our notion of the Prince of Denmark: it is a clever picture nevertheless. The want of intense truth of expression in these two pictures is rendered more strikingly apparent by their propinquity in the exhibition to the paintings by Scheffer we have before noticed, in which there is extreme presence of that in which they are most deficient. Descamps, the most celebrated colourist of the French school, has four pictures, all, in his manner, fine. He appears to be the only one among the French artists who has a comprehension of the term, breadth: almost the only one who paints sunshine. We should like much to see some of his pictures in our own exhibition. His *Souvenir de la Turquie en Asie* is a most triumphant realization of light; like Turner, he obtains brightness by mass of colour, his high brilliancies catching the rays by protrusion from his canvas. His success has produced many imitators, of which there are four specimens by Wassili Timm, three by Felix Haffner, and some others; but he is still their master, though they have obtained something of his inspiration. Even as Scheffer has sacrificed everything for expression, so has Descamps and his followers for colour. There is another painter called a colourist by French critics, Eugene Delacroix. We confess to having failed in perceiving in his works any quality estimable in art. A *Romeo and Juliet*, exhibited in the square room, resembling a dirty clerk, and unwashed grisette, commencing a waltz at Valentinos, was disgraceful to a boy painter, and a reproach to the exhibition. *L'Enlèvement de Rebecca*, from Walter Scott, was scarcely better; and his other picture, a *Marguerite a l'Eglise*, escaped our notice. M. Diaz appears to us another over-estimated artist, his *Intérieur de Forêt* is, however, a pleasing sketch; his pictures are little more than blots of colour, not, however, hastily produced, for we detected much reconstruction and alteration in what would seem intended to pass for impromptu composition. The celebrity of these names would show, that however French artists may pretend to despise the quality of colour, in which they are generally deficient, a good business may be done with small capital in that department of painting in Paris. At the head of the painters of careful finish

may be placed M. François Biard, already familiar to us in our London exhibitions; his picture of *Naufragés attaqués par un requin*, possesses the greatest claim upon our notice. Shipwrecked passengers and sailors on a frail raft, defending themselves from the attack of a shark, is well composed, sufficient in colour, carefully and minutely finished, without diminution of breadth, and tells its story completely. *Le Droite de Visite* is not so successful; the limbs of the Africans might be polished mahogany. *La Jeunesse de Linnée*, the young botanist herborizing with his master, Dr. Rothman, is a subject, though little adapted for minute detail, that with more sunshine, would be a most desirable picture. Eight canvasses in one year, painted with such care as these, evidences exceeding industry in the artist. We had nearly forgotten a very cleverly executed picture of the last moments of Napoleon by Georges Rouget, in which the death-like countenance of the ex-emperor is successfully painted. We notice generally, that French artists are less happy in describing florid health on their canvasses, than the paleness of disease, their flesh-tints generally abounding much in greens. There is also a terrible picture by Adolphe Yvon, of *The Remorse of Judas*. A demon is holding before his eyes the countenance of Jesus as depicted on the holy handkerchief. The picture is most effective; and, but for a straight line in the composition, from the left arm-pit, down the body, to the end of the left foot, it would challenge a high rank among religious subjects. After having overcome the impression received from the presiding greenness of tone in a French exhibition, our first motive for wonder is the number of large pictures that occupy the best position in the best room, although painted by men whose names are entirely strange to our memory. We then observe with added wonder, that these pictures are feebly drawn, ill-composed, and badly painted. After search in the catalogue, we find attached to them some mysterious letters, as M. de R.; M. I.; M. T. P.; or P. simply; and, tempted to further enquiry, we are informed that these colossal specimens of insufficiency have been painted on commissions from the king, the ministre de l'Interior, the ministre des Travaux Publics, or the prefet de la Seine; and that any large work of a religious nature has little chance of sale unless through one of these parties. We are led to question whether these commands are useful or injurious to the artists so patronized. Looking at the singular elephantine productions sanctified by these initials in the present exhibition, we cannot choose but listen to the assertion, that religious painting in France has become a means of political corruption; and that a "Crucifixion," or a "Nativity" is no longer with the Administration des beaux Arts, anything but a new species of government-agency. If the ministry would secure the election of a deputy of the centre it presents "A Martyrdom" to a church of the arrondissement he would represent; but as the government must be carried on at the lowest figure of expence, and as connoisseurship is not exigent in the provinces, the minister obtains his means as cheaply as possible, and makes his own price upon the talent of the artist: thus the political religious canvasses are covered to order at from two to three thousand francs each, or from eighty to one-hundred-and-twenty pounds for some two-hundred square feet of painting! Now, in producing such subjects, the artist must pay at least a thousand francs for canvas, models and colours, and there remains about a thousand francs of remuneration for his six months labour! So much for the French government-patronage of which Englishmen talk so highly! Of course, as these prices are not temptations to artists of reputation, we have at once an explanation of the extreme mediocrity of these extensive botches, and why they occupy the best places; for although the jury may refuse to hang—as they have this season—paintings by Descamps, and

many others of name, they dare not for their souls to turn away a ministerial command, however mean may be the performance. The jury cannot reproach the minister that the painter of his choice—the man he has encouraged by a commission—is nothing but a mere dauber of canvas or a painter of signs!

As a school, we think the French portrait painters very inferior to our own, even as it exists at present; the face is usually the least interesting portion of the picture; with very rare exceptions among so large a number, there is a general want of transparency in the tints, partly from deficient perception, and partly from a soapy treatment that dirtys the colour in the manipulation; the greys mostly inclining to green, and in many cases the shadows approaching to black. Among the best, as to general notion of colour, is Winterhalter, but a glance at his pictures in the Louvre destroys at once the notions received of his excellence on this side of the water. The best portrait by him is that of Louis Philippe in the square room; but by keeping all his shadows and force of back ground in the upper portion of the picture, the feet are not sufficiently united with the ground beneath, and the whole figure seems suspended in mid air;—cut it in two and the portrait would make an excellent half length. He has also two composed pictures of the *Salon du Château de Windsor*, the Queen Victoria presenting her children to the king Louis Philippe, Oct. 8, 1844; and *Reunion en famille dans la galerie Victoria au château d'Eu*, 8th of Sept., 1845; each marked M. D. R. Both of these pictures have a meretricious, *magazin des modes*, lay figure look about them, in which there is scarcely one personage that measures less than nine heads high. The duke of Wellington must be astonished to find himself a taller man than any in the regiment of which he is colonel, though, in recompense, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Weymss, and the Duke de Montpensier are each a foot longer. We know these subjects are among those most difficult to paint satisfactorily; that is a reason for farther consideration during the work, but not an excuse for the faults in these specimens of Winterhalter talent. There is a portrait by Henry Grévedon, that, were it not for grey reflections introduced on the face when every thing surrounding is yellow, would be a very advantageous sample; the composition is unconstrained and lady-like, and all the accessories well painted, with more of tone than generally discernable in the pictures near it. Another picture by Charles Louis Muller of the *Children of M. le Comte de Laborde* is a singular exception to the French school of portraiture; in it the carnations are deliciously given, while its playfulness in the composition as representing a boy of twelve, and an infant of about four, disputing for a dove attached to a string, make a pleasing picture that has much of value independent of likeness. There is another picture by this artist of a conversation in the Decameron style that we have omitted to mention—which is a very nice production both in painting and composition. Indeed, our conscience reproaches us with manifold omissions of the same description, but with this mode of hanging and numbering, it is impossible to classify observations, and we find many remarks in our catalogue on pictures of which we have entirely forgotten, even the subject. We cannot help suspecting that the daguerreotype has more to do with French portrait painting than is legitimate in Art; for while an absence of perception to the infinity of various tints that make a flesh colour is every where apparent, we never saw more attention to moles and other markings. The view of the face is also very generally the same throughout an artist's works, and we are still persecuted with the memory of a long interminable line of females in high necked dresses and flat back grounds of every tint but that which might assist the picture. Alexis Perignon has twelve to his own



cheek, of the Comte d'A, and the Prince d'A, and the Vicomte de B, and the Marquis de C, and Madame D, and Mlle. E, and Mlle. F, all as like one another as peas, good in their way, but yet hard and disagreeable until the eye has become used to them, and rather judges by comparison with others around than its own pre-elected standard. There appears more of modesty and desire to escape publicity among the Parisian aristocracy than we are ready to give them credit for; there being comparatively very few pictures having the names of the originals in catalogue. Madame la Marquise de C, and Madame la Comtesse de P, give opportunities to artists for assuming a high position for their *clientelle*. We observed, or we are much deceived, the same female head painted by different artists and catalogued under different initials. We have no doubt that many a gentle *grissette* has thus taken her place among the *haut noblesse* upon the walls of the Louvre.

As we did not find our neighbours strong in portraiture, neither did we in Landscape, almost the only satisfactory touch for foliage, is Felix Brissot de Warville who has seven small pictures having much truth and naturalness of effect, but no attempt at elevation in subject, or hardness in composition; his *Vue prise à Athee, sur la Cher*, is among the most successful. Charles Hoguet has two very effective pictures, both badly placed, *Souvenir d'Ecosse*, and *Souvenir des Pyrénées*, very original and determined in their treatment. There is another by Georges Bouet, *Vue du Château de Beaumesnil, près de Bernay*, unique in effect, painted in broad sunshine that lights itself, that will not lose in comparison with any of the truthful exteriors for which the Dutch school is so famous. We must not forget Pierre Wickenberg's *Jeu d'enfants en hiver*; a snow piece, with children playing on the ice, that will challenge competition with anything of its class, and is only second to a picture by the same artist in the Luxembourg; here we have fine drawing, and exquisite finish and reality of texture, without diminution of breadth or truth of colour; the finish in no case deteriorating the hardness of touch, is only apparent on close examination, but at a distance resolving itself into effect. We know nothing that exceeds this artists' productions in the quality of manipulation. Mlle. Rosa Bonheur, a delicious name, has five very delicious little pictures of sheep and goats, in very satisfactory landscapes, that may take place before much that has far more of pretension. We think the French claim to animal painting must rest upon this lady's productions, the larger subjects of Alfred Dedreux leaving much more to wish for in accomplishment of intention. The still life and fruits, by Leger Chérelle are sketchy, but powerful, broad and masterly. Those of Theude Gronland, with less of power, but greater finish, are more satisfactory as pictures; the two large ovals presenting beautiful specimens of this branch of Art. Theodore Gudin is a name celebrated in France as a marine painter. There are thirteen pictures by him in the exhibition, and he complains that there have been many more refused. We think the jury would have been justified in refusing the whole, but there is the "M. d. R." upon each, and they dare not. There is no other peculiarity remarkable in this artist than a sort of milk and water imitation of our own Turner, R.A. Indeed, we should not have sought the name in the catalogue but from being so frequently presented with such timid attempts at parody, in which all spirit of the original had evaporated, in such subjects as *Plage d'Afrique*; *Lever de lune à Venise*; *Effet de Brouillard*, &c., &c. There is a quality we Englishmen call "pluck" required for our artists' fanciful perpetrations that M. Gudin shows little symptoms of possessing. Among the incomprehensible celebrities in French Art, we must place M. Theodore Gudin by the side of Eugene Delacroix. There is a vast class of French artists

to which we have, as yet, made no allusion, the painters of small interiors and scenes of familiar life—the class is, in fact, too numerous to select from; it is among them that we find the best French painting, and it would make a volume to enumerate their works, or point out the excellencies of the very many nice pictures of this description, among which, although we might look in vain for a peer to a production by our own Mulready, we should still find some most delightful specimens:—as the military subjects by Bellangé, so full of character, only injured by want of sufficient air in their perspective. *Une Couturière*, and *Jeune fille faisant bouillir son lait*, by Emile Beranger; *Le Bain* and *L'heureuse mère*, by Auguste Bonheur; *Portrait d'homme*, by Mad. Calamatta; many pleasing subjects by Cals; *La Lecture*, by Chantrier; *Un Cabinet de Curiosités*, by Couder. Some lightly-touched subjects by Auguste Delacroix; *Le Giotto dans l'atelier de Cimabue* by Edwarney; *La Nourrice*, by Fouquet; *L'Ode*, by Galimard; *Paysans Bernois surpris par un ours*, and several others by Edouard Girardet; *Interrogatoire de Girolamo Saccarola*, by Granet; *Condottières après un pillage*, by Adrien Guignet; several pictures by Alexander Guillemin; several also by Eugene de Poitvin, well drawn and nicely composed, but much injured by an attempt at tone that gives a dingy smoothness to their appearance, resembling what we used to be familiar with in tea-board-painting: the general effect is that of a Stanfield smoked. With this exception, we have nothing but praise for the works of this artist. (By-the-bye, there is a Stanfield picture in the exhibition—the only English specimen—and although a tolerable performance, not the one we should have wished to see, as representing the talent of the painter. It is badly placed, and little noticed). *Un Improvisateur à Naples* by Leney, is a clever picture in the school of Robert. The *Meurtre de la Reine Galswinthe*, by Louis Philastre is a terrible performance; and however well-executed, scarcely a fitting subject for a picture. Philippoteaux has a painting of *Femmes Mauresques d'Alger dans leur appartements*, nice for costume, and tolerably coloured. Several subjects by Schlesinger; some exquisitely-finished gems by Steinhil; and cleverly-painted specimens by Tassaert, Verdier, and many we have been compelled to omit, make an amount of talent in this department that is after all the true strength of French Art. It is a natural consequence of circumstance. Few French families possess the means of purchasing very high-priced pictures, or situations to hang them in when purchased; the size and average height of apartments in Paris being only fitted for the reception of almost cabinet productions; and, consequently, the chance of sale is greatly limited to that class of picture. The large classic compositions do very well to talk about; but we believe these successful productions belong to another period than that in which we live. The great masters painted what was before them; and for the then-existing demand; and we receive their every-day costume, and familiar character of countenance and expression as types of another people and another age; and still go on translating, as it were, our ideas through two languages, which the early masters expressed in their own. Raphael was permitted to dress the Virgin in a Roman boddice, seated with uncovered head in the full sunshine of Judea! Let an artist undertake the same subject in modern costume, and watch the effect upon his judges. We know too much of individual characteristics at present to generalize with success, and intense sentiment in expression will always be reproached with carelessness, affectation or mannerism in its accessories, when applied to subjects founded on reference to conventionalities that have passed away with the circumstances by which they were suggested. How can modern Art trammel itself with imitation of the fifteenth century's notions of antiquity, and hope successfully to vie with its productions?

We believe the best means for obtaining success as a painter, is the thorough adaptation of his work to the time in which he paints. Wilkie and Landseer have thus made to themselves an European fame; and we do not hesitate to affirm that the picture most advantageously representing the French school in the present Louvre exhibition is the *Battle of Isley* by Horace Vernet.

We have extended this article much beyond the limits we had prescribed to ourselves, and can scarcely allow more than general reference to the remainder of the exhibition. We noticed nothing to equal our own artists among the miniature portraits, perhaps the best were thirteen in one frame, miniature size, in oil, very cleverly painted by Duval Lecamus the elder. The water colour subjects are few, and have left little impression on our memory.

We noticed a statue of Raimbaud III., Comte d'Orange by Daniel as bearing correct costume without injury to character of design; a seated figure of the late Duke of Orleans by Pradier, finely composed, and a very successful attempt at colour in a statue in marble by the same artist, *La Poésie légère*. The wreath in the hair is tinted, the harp and ear-rings are gilt, there are coloured flowers on the ground, and the flowing drapery is embellished with a tender coloured pattern. The position is operatic and the head affected, but the effect of colour is such as to tempt a repetition of the experiment.

Upon comparison of the two schools of Art, we see no sufficient cause for discouragement to an Englishman. There is a greater number of artists in France, and consequently a greater amount of talent of a certain class; but when we look to individual artists, mind we confine ourselves to the present exhibition, taking out the names of Vernet, and Ary Scheffer, in whose particular styles we have nothing to correspond, we can afford to enter the lists with their proudest, and we have in our turn some against whom they have themselves nothing to oppose. Landseer would stand as much alone in a French exhibition as Vernet, in his way, in England. A choice gem by Etty would tell them they had no flesh painting in the whole gallery; and a bit of warm glorious sunshine, lighting the reality of expressed thought that Mulready treats us with, would tell them how much they have yet to learn in painting. What have they of the lady-like purity and refinement of female life, and the aristocratic bearing, and old baronial influences so exquisitely infused by Leslie in his works? But we will not go on, or the French artists may accuse us, in spite of our protests on the subject, of being a remarkable specimen of the prejudice we have denounced.

H. C. M.

#### OPERATIC MANAGEMENT.

It seems strange that with the experience which may be gathered from past operatic managements, not only in this country, but especially on the Continent, where these things seem better understood, that our managers should enter into the affairs of the opera, showing a total ignorance of the subject. In most undertakings, when a person wishes to engage in a concern, we should ordinarily speaking, conceive very little of the prudence of an individual who should thrust himself headlong into it without in some degree understanding the business. He may, it is true, enter as a sleeping partner, but in this case, those others who preside having an interest in the matter may be supposed to be a sufficient guarantee that their time and knowledge will be devoted to it, so that there would be no necessity for further interference; but in the affairs of the opera it seems impossible that any one should be merely quiescent. The stake is hazardous, and the management peculiarly difficult, involving as it does, or at least ought to do, not only a tact in catering for the public

taste in musical and dancing matters—but also a knowledge of the composition of an operatic company, (for this is the point to which we propose principally to confine ourselves), so as to secure not only the greatest talent, but also to show a judgment in the choice of persons to fill up the second parts with reference to those who have gained by their undoubted powers the first place in public estimation.

It may be argued that the opera being a private speculation, if the contracting party chooses to engage this or that person, we, the public, have nothing to do with it; he may surely pay his money to whom he likes; and the public must be satisfied with what is given—if not, they may stay away. In answer to this, let us take the last view of the case, and suppose that even a portion of the opera-going public did stay away? In what predicament would the Manager be? The attempt has been made ere now to defy public opinion, and the penalty was, an immense loss. But we will not take this short-sighted view—for, after all, whatever may be the individual responsibility of the manager, it is in fact a case wherein two parties are concerned; namely, the aforesaid manager and the public; and we conceive, therefore, that operatic management is a fit subject for discussion.

By some strange fatality it would appear that all those who have had the management, or at all events, the control over the affairs of the Italian Opera House have been individuals knowing nothing of what would seem to be necessarily their principal acquirement before they embarked in such a speculation. It will not need to go so far back as Handel's time to point out what may be done by the energy and spirit of one man, whose great reliance was on himself alone as a musician. We will, however, give a short account of the opera management from the rebuilding of the house in 1760 down to the present time. It presents a singular case of managers who have undertaken the concern, and in almost every instance, failed from some cause or other: although we incline to think that the want of the necessary knowledge may in a great degree account for these repeated failures. The eccentric Mr. Taylor was the sole proprietor of the new building, and whatever his other qualifications may have been, his musical ones were very limited. In 1803, owing to Mr. Taylor's embarrassment, a share of the property was sold to a gentleman of fortune, Mr. Gould; the agreement being that Mr. Taylor should still be sole manager. The anxiety arising from this connection caused, it was supposed, Mr. Gould's death in 1807; Mr. Waters, his acting executor, then entered into litigation with Taylor, thinking that the great stake which Mr. Gould had had in the concern warranted his interference: this lasted till 1816, when Mr. Taylor was obliged to part with the whole, which was purchased by Mr. Waters for £70,150. To raise this money, Mr. Chambers, the banker, was applied to, who advanced the sum wanted on mortgage, Mr. Waters being the manager; a committee of noblemen and gentlemen acting with him. This state of things lasted till 1820, when Mr. Waters' affairs becoming very much involved, and owing to some dispute that took place, Mr. Chambers seized the house under an execution. Mr. Waters was compelled to retire to the continent, and the affairs of the opera from that time till within a very short period, having been subject to all the multitudinous mismanagements usually attendant on protracted law-suits of any kind, but more especially of those which unfortunately claim the protection of the Chancery Court. In 1820, Mr. Ebers was solicited by the subscribers to undertake the management. In 1822, Mr. Chambers bought the whole property for £80,000, and demanded £10,000 rent, instead of £3,150, the charge hitherto; this demand was almost fatal even to a chance of success, for the unlucky manager; who, however, boldly carried matters on until 1828,



with the exception of a short interval in 1824, when Mr. Benelli acted: in this year Mr. Chambers became bankrupt, which caused more confusion still to the affairs. On Mr. Eber's secession, Mr. Laporte undertook the management, which lasted until his death; excepting a short interregnum, in 1834, when Mr. Monck Mason took matters in hand. Since that time Mr. Lumley has been head of this establishment, and certainly, as far as appearances go, his success has been great. But we question much whether an ignorance of musical matters will not turn out a stumbling block in his way, unless fortune places him in the hands of an able director.

This brief outline will give some idea of operatic managers during the last half century, in which—singularly enough—mere chance seems to have placed the affairs in their hands; and who, whatever exertion they may have made for ultimate success, have never realized their expectations. With the exception of Mr. Ayrton, who was director during a part of Mr. Eber's time, there seems to have been not one concerned who was capable of conducting musical matters with judgment and discretion. Every one connected with the opera could be considered only as a mere speculator; and on the worst of terms—a total ignorance of the article he speculates in.

It may be said that no one can give an opinion on this subject, who has not himself gone through the managerial ordeal: this by no means follows. Those who look on often see more of a game than those concerned. But we are about to discuss not so much the mere business of a manager, but simply to strike out of the actual state of the case, and the experience of the past, some general rules for opera engagements—more particularly of the vocal department;—and if we succeed in our endeavour we conceive we shall be doing good service to the cause. The affairs of the ballet may perhaps require only a little tact; but in the opera, it is absolutely necessary that some musical knowledge should be brought to bear on the subject, or otherwise the manager becomes the unconscious victim of some designing party, who of course consults only his own interests in the engagements he may make; causing thus an immense useless outlay, which might be more profitably spent in other ways, or what is more to the purpose—find its way into the manager's pocket, so that he may be enabled to carry on the affairs with more energy and vigour, to his own ultimate advantage, and the greater satisfaction of the public.

Let us take in round numbers £10,000, as the sum required for the vocal department: it is clear that the principal part of this must go towards the payment of the first-rate singers; the remainder, in much smaller sums, will be divided among the second class and inferior singers. Now, if a manager engages in the first rank those whom all the world acknowledges to be worthy of it, he has done all he can. It is in the engagement of those of the second and lower class that judgment should be exercised. For it is clear, that these should be selected with reference to the first only; and not as regards any individual excellence, unless combined with the requisites to be useful in their secondary position; and if only due attention were given to this subject, a company may thus be made more effective with much less outlay. Taking this view of the case, we will endeavour to shew in the sequel, that many of those of the second rank who have been engaged this season can by no possibility appear advantageously either to themselves or the parts they take, when considered in reference to those who occupy the first position before the public.

Let us assume, that for all operatic purposes whatever, a company of twelve or thirteen will be quite sufficient. Of these, three will be prime donne—one of whom ought in some operas

to take second part;—a seconda donna; one contralto; three tenors, and four basses.\* A choice might be made from such materials for the representation of the most complicated subjects. Ordinarily speaking, the number required is very limited, more especially in modern operas, which are generally written for some particular person or persons; and plots are constructed to suit these only; but even in Mozart, the number required, may usually be stated at eight; for this is what is required in "Don Giovanni," his "Capo d'opera; and we cannot err in assuming this as a standard to which we may always refer. For this, three prime donne are required; one tenor, and four basses; and it must be observed, that almost all the parts require to be filled by first singers, which is rarely the case in those operas written for particular persons, which being made prominent in one part only, have only secondary parts for the other characters. This then being assumed as a true position, let us now turn to the company engaged this year at the Italian Opera. We find four prime donne:—Grisi, Castellan, Sanchioli, Pasini;†—two seconda donna:—Corbari,‡ Bellini;—two contraltos:—the two Brambillas;—five tenors:—Mario, Corelli, Castigliano, Picasso,§ and Dai Fiori;—and seven basses:—Lablache, F. Lablache, Fornasari, Botelli, Fedrighini, Beneich, and Giubelei—twenty in all; and according to the assumption we have made, about one-third more than can by any possibility be of any use. An expense has therefore been entered into, which cannot be reimbursed, since not one of the new singers will bring a shilling to the coffers, and can only be considered in the light of supernumeraries.

We will now turn to another subject, namely, the quality of the voices that ought to be engaged for the second places, with reference to those of the first rank. Grisi and Castellan have both exceedingly fine, powerful, mezzo-soprano voices, and consequently, power is actually necessary for those who fill up the second parts, but what have we? Only four sopranos—voices of a naturally-thin quality, and totally incapable to compete with the others in sustaining sounds!—and the consequence was, that in "Elvira," in "Don Giovanni," and in other operas, the second parts were too weak to produce any effect; and although prime donne generally like to be alone in their glory, it must be evident that if the second parts are well-sustained they will be able themselves to produce more effect. This strange anomaly in selection ranges through the male department; and consequently, throughout the whole arrangements. Not the least attention is paid to the important point of the actual utility of the person engaged, and although the company comprises no less than twenty individuals, one third might have been dispensed with, and in fact will be, for they will never be brought forward, or if so, without doing any credit to themselves, or giving any satisfaction to the public. Now in all these remarks we do not intend the slightest reflection on the intention of the management: for, of course, its interest is concerned in pleasing the public; and the object therefore is to engage those most likely to do so. But had the management the proper knowledge of musical matters—more especially of the vocal department of Music—it could not have been led, to say the least, into such evident mistakes. The

\* We speak in the ordinary acceptation of the term, without making any critical distinction between names and baritones.

† This may appear a wrong position, but in a Milan paper, now before us, in allusion to Pasini, we find this sentence: "*Così la Grisi, quest'anno avrà al fianco una grande rivale!*" The opera-frequenters may probably smile.

‡ This young lady may yet be an acquisition, but at present, it was to say the least, injudicious to have brought her forward.

§ This singer, who may perhaps never be heard, was tempted here by promises, which we believe have turned out like the pie-crust of old.

manager, it is true, may have so many other matters to attend to that he cannot devote any time to this subject: it then behoves him to be judicious in the selection of the individual who presides over this department.

The remarks we have thought it necessary to make here are equally applicable to the other theatres which produce operas: for instance, at Drury Lane the company is a patchwork. There is no meaning in it. It may answer for the works of Mezzo Carattere; but it is altogether unfitted for the opera seria: there is no one qualified to take the part of prima donna; and even in comic or semi-seria operas, there is no one to take a prominent place. If we should say in such as, "Norma," "Sonnambula," or "L'Elisir d'amore," an objection may be raised to the mention of these operas, as the company was formed only for the production of English operas. To this objection we will humbly submit; and as we have, in a former number, given our opinion of the operas themselves we have no hesitation in saying that the company is quite equal to their representation.

C. J.

#### MR. MACREADY AND MR. EDWIN FORREST.

MR. EDWIN FORREST, whose singularly-executed conceptions of Shakspeare's heroes have already faded from the memory of the town play-goers, has gained himself renewed notoriety by exhibiting his talent in a novel line of character for an actor, at the Edinburgh theatre. On this occasion, Mr. Forrest undertook to teach the "Britishers" the duties that should be performed by those composing the audience; and, with that magnificent contempt for anything but the mighty task his citizenship supposed then entrusted to his performance, that a republican and an American alone can feel, the representatives of good taste, and a slight shade of mistrust in his own transatlantic judgment had not even existence in motivating moderation to his denouncement of what was before him. It is the curse of the American people, that they have among themselves no class of society to which they can safely refer for models of those gentler qualifications of savage life, that regulate the good manners of social intercourse; and they are too often betrayed into confounding freedom and coarseness as but different terms indicating but one common meaning. It appears this actor's notion of the character of Hamlet varied a trifle from that which Mr. Macready has so often presented to the English public; a fact of which all playgoers who have witnessed any of Mr. Forrest's extraordinary travesties must have been previously cognizant. It appears also that he, an actor himself, and moreover a stranger in the land, had sufficient delicacy to stand up, and mark expressed disapprobation of this performance, sanctified as it is by long-continued success, until entirely unattackable in a theatre, whatever shades of disagreement might suggest inequality of approval in a written criticism. Now, on all occasions when men get themselves into a false position by acting on the over-estimate of their own *savoir faire*, an after-defence of what they have already perpetrated serves but to heap on themselves additional responsibility. Mr. Forrest has written this defence; and in a letter to the *Times* newspaper, he affirms, that "there are two legitimate modes of evincing approbation and disapprobation in a theatre—one expressive of approval by clapping of hands, the other by hisses to mark dissent;—and," he continues, "as well-timed and hearty applause is the just meed of the actor who deserves well, so also is hissing a salutary and wholesome correction of the abuses of the stage." Take this to the letter, supposing the right inherent in each individual (which is afterwards asserted), and there are few performances to which we should be permitted to listen; for one singularly-constructed organization—

one obstinate and self-confident theorist, would be sufficient, at any time, to set any theatre in an uproar; and, supposing it a duty in the audience, how many are there who have much to accuse themselves for its non-performance, on witnessing Mr. Forrest's *Macbeth* and *Othello* at the Princesses' theatre, and who, on those occasions, were quite satisfied in expressing their disapprobation in bland smiles that such things could be!

"And overcome, us like a summer cloud,  
Without our special wonder."

We should scarcely have referred to this *bèvue* of Mr. Forrest's, but that having in his letter insisted so broadly on a position which we have occasionally ourselves in some measure supported, his words have been greedily laid hold of by that portion of the press devoted to criticism, no matter what the branch of Art to which their attention may have been directed. After re-asserting the right that a man possesses of manifesting "his pleasure or displeasure after the recognized mode, according to the best of his judgment," and contending that, "that right extends equally to an actor in his capacity as a spectator, as to any other man," Mr. Forrest asserts, that, "from the nature of his studies, he is much more competent to judge of a theatrical performance than any *soi-disant* critic who has never himself been an actor. He! He! He! chuckles the *Athenæum*, "we have here the *reductio ad absurdum*! For more than in all the other branches of the fine and imitative arts has the appeal from the actor to his audience hitherto been considered so direct—so expressly and unequivocally have his performances been submitted to the appreciation of his critics—that this view of the subject strikes us as not more novel than it is curious. We feel disposed to recommend its consideration to those professors in the other arts who deny the right of judgment to the amateur, because we think they may probably find, in this broader assertion of the fallacy, some lights which had failed to strike them when the argument presented itself in a shape rather more plausible, and in the disguise of their own particular prejudice."

First concluding our disagreement with Mr. Forrest, we will return to the sly innuendo of the *Athenæum*. We object to an actor expressing publicly in a theatre his disapprobation of another's performance, independent of the bad taste of such an exhibition; for, that it is not enough that a critic has himself a consciousness of probity, but that he should be above suspicion. The obtruded opinions of an actor, assuming equal rank in the same line with him he is judging, cannot be above suspicion. We also object entirely to his statement of the cause for disapprobation as being unartistlike and unintelligible. We know no difference between artist and amateur in written opinion, when motive for praise or blame is expressed with sufficiency of exactness; and we place the assertion in Mr. Forrest's letter that "Mr. Macready chose to introduce a fancy dance into the character of Hamlet!" along with the attempt at humour in reference to the "little saucy-pan," so jocosely mingled with the meanly-conceived notice of Horace Vernet's *Battle of Isley* in the *Athenæum*. The known actor here shows as little fitness for writing an opinion on his own Art, as the anonymous amateur does on that of another; although we look in vain in the composition of the former for anything so wretchedly incomprehensible as "Salvator Rosa's mountains slanting away from the fearful slaughter committing beneath them." The *Athenæum* critic dares no more than insinuate suspicion of a doubt as to the assertion of Mr. Edwin Forrest: to deny it entirely, would be to insist that the more attention a man had paid to an Art, the less as a consequence he knew of the matter; which is as ridiculous as the criticism on Horace Vernet. As a broad principle the assertion is indisputable; but it has its qualifications; and the artist who as-



sumes to give opinions, merely as an artist, is bound by his own rule, and takes his grade as a critic in proportion to his success in his vocation. But even the mere fact of being an actor or an artist confers a certain amount of appreciation of the difficulties of the profession which the mere amateur has no means whatever of estimating; and exact estimates of the degree in which these difficulties have been surmounted, indicate the position in the scale a work of Art should occupy; not being able to do this, the amateur at once evades the duty of fair criticism, shifts on entirely another tack—talks about “saucepans,” and “pots,” and “mountains slanting themselves away from fearful slaughter,” becomes facetious, calls it gossip, and says truth is “ultra naturalism.” This lumbering vivacity passes with the crowd for familiarities with the thing treated, but is merely nonsense. It is entirely impossible that an artist could have written any thing so irrelevant to his subject; the meanest among them would have had an intention. Neither could an amateur do this, if fitness for his task was at all looked to in selecting those who do the Drama and Fine Art business for our periodicals; the universally received opinion among what are called literary men, that a specious facility in transposing the letters of the alphabet according to certain conventionalities, is sufficient warranty for opinion in anything and everything, is gradually undermining the sources of information; and fluency has become the disease of the press. Thus, while the artist is supposed to take grade as a critic in proportion to his known talent in his profession, the amateur possessing nothing tangible by which to measure the reasonableness of his assumption, confounds all degrees of qualification under the general term critic. But he who is fitted to give opinions worth attending to, will show his fitness in the opinions themselves; and if artistic criticism did not present more distinctness in its views of the subject treated, that ensures direct detection of error, even where ill-adapted organization, or obstinate adherence to a vicious theory, may have disqualified the writer for high attainment in that to which his life has been devoted, we should see little of choice in the matter. Let those who undertake to write on Art give such internal indication in their works as shall guarantee to their readers that the having paid enough of attention to the thing they write on has enabled them to think distinctly on the subject, and consequent exactness of analysis will enable those of whom they judge to understand intention in the writer; then the notice will take its position at its just value—the measured amount of the critic's acquirement. In Art the painter makes his intention; for his intentions are his organization, and his will suits best his endowment of appliances. By its accomplishment he must be judged; not by the obtruded intention of the unpractised amateur who confuses vague imaginings with practical execution. In acting, there is imitation of the conception of another, added to the execution of the consequent intention: both of these are matters of judgment to the critic; in either Art, the more the writer's knowledge of the difficulties in the path of the worker, the greater his fitness for analysing details and appreciating effects.

THE TRUNK MAKER.

#### REMARKS ON OUR CRITICISMS.

WE have lately received several communications in which observations are made on what is called the “severity” of our critical remarks:—1st, as being uncalled for; 2nd, as tending to injure an individual in his professional career; 3rdly as leading in reality to no good result. We will take these subjects in the order we have placed them, and endeavour to prove their fallacy:—1st, as being

uncalled for.—If any one, whatever his talent, is content with the goods the gods give him in a private situation, such an individual is sacred from the curious gaze of the public; but the moment an attempt is made to gain the public approbation, and thereby a public name, that moment, the sanctity of private life is thrown aside, and as the opinion of the many is courted, he must take the chance of the rough and the smooth in his career. This position does away entirely with the term “uncalled for.” The opinion of the public is sought: if in some cases it is given in soft, honied words, great is the joy; but if, on the other hand, some not very complimentary phrases are deservedly delivered, the outcry is against the person who boldly tells the truth. He, forsooth, has no business to injure the feelings of the other! His observations might have been uttered in more soothing terms; to say the least, they were “uncalled for!” This is the position we would resist, for at this rate, criticism would descend into a mere mass of gross flattery; and to this point, the periodical press seem determined to bring it in all matters connected with Art; and therefore we say distinctly, when severity is called for, *Fiat experimentum in anima vili*, and it would be well for Art in general if unsparing criticism was administered where in fact it is deserved, for Art itself would be thereby benefited, and we should be spared the pain of seeing many hopeless attempts inflicted on public patience, which only end in putting the individual in a worse position than he otherwise would have been had he been less ambitious in his aspirations. We now take the second position:—that our remarks tend to injure an individual in his professional career. To this we say, granted; and now we will put in—our case. This same person has, probably, many pupils, who have come to him on the strength of his having pushed himself before the public; their livelihood depends on the instructions they receive; their rise or fall is, to a certain extent, in their master's power. If this individual, then, is unfit for his position; if, through him, numbers are hopelessly ruined in their career; who inflicts the greatest amount of injury? we, who may, perhaps, injure one person, or he who ruins numbers?—this is a matter of fact statement of the case, and might be made personally applicable to many—very many—but we leave the cap to fit whom it may. We must, however, bear in mind, that a critic ought to have no party: he has nothing to do with the individual; his object is to advance the subjects he treats of; and, if in so doing his remarks cause a secession of an individual from his post, and for which, under such circumstances, he is evidently unfit, and Art itself receives the advantage, in the place being filled by a more competent person, so that the many receive the benefit from the probable injury to the one. Thirdly:—That our remarks lead to no good result. This we may at once confess is our weakest point. There are those in the world who are so impervious to all outward attacks they may defy all outpourings of criticism, who are so case hardened as to resist the hard knocks which would almost instantly annihilate others. There are some to whom Voltaire's phrase might be well applied: “They are doubly ignorant;” they are not only really ignorant, but ignorant—hopelessly ignorant—that they are ignorant. To such, indeed, we appeal in vain—and to such we do not address ourselves;—but on the other hand, there are some on whom the well-meant, well-put remarks of candid criticism will not be lost: they may feel—perhaps deeply feel—but truth will prevail, and if convinced of this, the seed will be sown where it will bring forth fruit. It is a curious fact, that the greater the genius, the more the individual is aware of his own powers, the more, generally speaking, will he lend a willing ear to the objections, dictated by sound judgment and discretion; and, although we do

not intend a comparison between ourselves and the great names we are about to mention, still the story is so apposite to our subject, that we will quote it. It refers to Mr. Gifford's opinion on the third act of Byron's "*Manfred*," which had been told to the author *totidem verbis*. The noble bard, so far from feeling offended, at once acknowledged the justice of the criticism, and in reply wrote thus:—

"I am very glad, indeed, you sent me Mr. Gifford's opinion without deduction. Do you suppose me such a booby as not to be very much obliged to him? or that, in fact I was not, and am not, convinced and convicted in my conscience of this same overt act of nonsense?"

The result was, he suppressed this, and waiting the moment of inspiration, he gave birth to another act, rivalling his magnificent conceptions on the two first. Such is the spirit in which just remarks should be met. He who knows his power, ponders over what he hears, then waits his time, and making the effort, rises gloriously above his former self. It is only mediocrity that feels he has received a wound he is unable to heal—*hinc ille lacrymæ!*

But are we sure that our criticism has been of no avail? Have our observations served no useful purpose? On the contrary; we could adduce many an instance even during our short career, where we have felt an acknowledgment of the justice of our remarks; severe though they might have been—they were received as intended, and more we neither ask nor expect. Of the truth and honesty with which we have expressed ourselves—we need only appeal to the Press who have acknowledged it. "What!" some sneerer says, "You who have denounced the Press, now appeal to it?" Yes, worthy Sir, we do, and for this reason: that in the department of Art we take cognizance of—almost the whole periodical press are arrayed as it were in opposition. The Fine Arts, Music, and the Drama, are subjects on which they all would be thought conversant, in some they are paraded forth as their peculiar care, and all would be insulted at the imputation of ignorance—and yet in the face of this, we have the unbiassed opinions of a host of them as to the general truth and honesty of our criticism. And this is fairly conceded to us, who silently and slowly have worked our way to public favour. Personally unknown to all, we neither sought for praise—nay, hardly dared to expect ought but ceaseless opposition. But truth has prevailed: we have fought and won our way. With whom then lies the contradiction? With us, or with them? Us who have dared to speak the truth?—or those whom other considerations—we will put no harsher construction—lead aside from an expression of their own honest conviction. Our point has, however, been gained. Our object has been attained. We have been acknowledged as the harbour of refuge for honesty—and, having secured this post, it will be our endeavour to continue in the career we have thus begun. Truth was the point we aimed at—and if this is granted to us

"*Sublimi feriam sidera vertice.*" C.

#### SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

THERE is a rumour—but it cannot have any foundation in fact—that this society intends memorializing the Queen to grant to it a charter of incorporation! What for? What reasons can this society present to prove that such a charter would be useful to itself or to Art? Does this society intend undertaking to teach Landscape? Is a sufficient perception of the character of broken ground, the touch of foliage, or the peculiarities of atmospheric phenomena to be indicated in a room having sky-

lights? Did Pyne acquire his perception of distance between four walls? or Anthony his sunshine? to say nothing of Allen or Boddington, or Clint, or Tennant, or Montague. Did Herring, or Josi there paint their horses or ducks? Perhaps the society would enterprize to teach anatomical precision, and high character of form in the human figure! Then must it seek abroad for a master, for anything in relationship with pure drawing of resemblance to humanity has long ceased to occupy the walls of Suffolk Street. Charter, indeed! A joint-stock society, aided by public subscription, opens rooms for the sale of its own works, charges every one else a stipulated sum for hanging-up his pictures, and makes the public pay a price for coming to look at them; then takes credit to itself for abnegation, and would have such assumed self-sacrifice decorated by royal charter, to—do what? to confer diplomas on the members!—diplomas, which, taking the existing society as a whole, would be a ridicule to their possessors! We say, "taken as a whole," for we are not going to deny that talent of a very high order exists among them, though we regret to see that talent so generally prostituted to the manufacture of works intended for the Art-Union market merely; at the same time accustoming the artist to hastiness of production, in which depth of thinking has no sufficient share, and undermining the utility and reputation of an institution that might be so generally beneficial to the great work of popular instruction. The distinction conferred on an artist by the title R. A., is quite sufficient for its purpose; and the only tenure the Royal Academy can rely on, is, that the best men of the period shall be among its members;—where the instance is otherwise, it is but an exception, having peculiarities that prove the rule.

At the head of those who seem to paint from the suggestions of their thought, and who do not appear entirely to depend on Fortune's wheel for customers, is Mr. H. M. Anthony, who has four pictures, all eminent for originality of intention, and masterly presentment of the poetry of natural truth. No. 484, *The Croppie's Grave*, is a picture, so fresh, so independent, so free from conventionality, so glorious in colour, so masterly in touch, that the pencil seems guided by inspiration to do just enough, and no more, for perfect realization of the selected nature the artist's singularly eminent perceptive faculty has enabled him to discover. The broken ground, the ruin, and the kneeling group, touched by rays of the setting sun, create in this picture an attraction sufficient, alone, to recompense a visit to the gallery. No. 224, *Sunday Morning, in the last century*, is another most remarkable picture by this artist: an old church, with groups around, about to enter. Here again we have delicious sunshine. On the left of this picture, in the garden, we suppose, of the parsonage, seated in an easy chair by the porch, is the drooping form of a young girl, fading amidst the flowers that bloom, who seems to inspire much interest among the group near her, and suggests a story for the subject. The third in excellence is No. 185, *Interior of the Church of St. Etienne du Mort, Paris*, a clever amalgamation of brilliancy and truth. This artist's style of handling might be called sketchy, but that each hardy touch resolves to perfect intelligence and harmony, if not smoothness at the sufficient distance, at which the eye may receive the picture as a whole. Mr. Anthony is the author of a new order of artistic creation in landscape painting: we would go a pilgrimage to look upon such pictures. No. 367, *The White-Boy's Retreat*, is traversed by so many dark lines as to injure breadth of effect, and, however good in itself, loses by comparison with the three subjects we have referred to above. C. Josi has four pictures, all fine, and all features in the exhibition. No. 366, *Hard-pressed*, is a deer in full speed, with a hound at its haunches, that presents a reality in the countenance of the chased animal we have never seen surpassed. No. 240, *A Sur-*



prise: a covey of partridges in the foreground, among docks and weeds, traced by a pointer, with the sportsman in the distance; truly painted, with full detail in both the animals and vegetables, is a first-class picture of its order. No. 187, and 553, are all well painted. Mr. Josi has, above most others, the facility of representing roundness in his forms, that give sufficiency of detail without minuteness of finish. Attention to his works will indicate the means he employs, and furnish much useful instruction to all young artists and many old ones. J. Holland has six revelations of his views of colour, that, however similar to each other, own no relationship with anything else in the gallery: rich visions, all so satisfactory in harmony, and so beautiful to the eye, that we scarce enquire, are they true? Yet must we enter our protest against 451, *London sights after rain—fifth of November*, as being colour gone mad—in fact, a Guy Faux of a picture; and as being an unsuccessful attempt at that which were not orthodox if successful: it is one of those extreme cases that are produced by the enemies of a system, as an evidence of its corruption. Herring has six pictures, all fine, and painted with desire of excellence. No. 72, *The Ferry*, a picture of consequential size, of horses, ducks, and sheep, is in a nice English landscape, studiously composed, and carefully painted. 156, *The Game-keeper's Cob*; No. 334, *The Oaks* (1845); *A False Start*; a sporting composition merely. 453, *Gossip*; ploughmen, as it appears, stopping their teams while discussing the necessity of agricultural protection; and 518, and 525, *Labour, and Rest*, all exhibit an advance in the quality of manipulation, that must be consequent on continued effort; but we would refer to the works of M. Josi for the effect of roundness and solidity of relief, as an added excellence, that would give increased value to these productions, already so satisfactory. That we have not placed Mr. J. B. Pyne higher in our list is not from due appreciation of his elegant perception and delicate execution of the selection of natural beauty he places before us; but that we would rather have seen six pictures of thought, and consequential reputation to his school, than seventeen repetitions of style, till it is degraded to mannerism, which surfeits the eye with peculiarities, till originality becomes stale by iteration. The picture of most consequence from size, No. 233, *The Menai Straits*, is perhaps too large for the artist's manner. The unobtrusive delicacy of detail that makes the charm of his works, is scarcely appreciated at the distance the eye requires to take this picture as a whole. It is a picture of an original thinker, however, and, as such, claims a distinguished place in Art. No. 146, *The Mountain Shower*, has much of truth and more of power than the artist usually vouchsafes. But we cannot go through the works of this artist; they are all, in a greater or smaller degree, imbued with his peculiarities; sometimes rising almost to genius, often descending to the meanest of manner. An artist should not trust anything of his reputation to the frailty of so mere a sketch as No. 428, called *Hampstead Fields*.—Mr. Allen is taking a downward direction; eleven pictures, not one of which are sufficiently cared for by the artist; and all so slighted in the foregrounds, as to injure the effect in the distance. No. 125, an extended view of a richly wooded vale, with two or three days' work in the foreground, would be a fine picture, but painting against time will not permit this. We are led to imagine the deliciously coloured No. 55, *Evening*, is a mere accident, and not at all an intentional production.—Twelve landscapes by H. J. Boddington, all so similar, that having left the exhibition, we retain on the mind a confused image, in which each picture forms a portion, but we are ourselves unable to define how much; all nice, all fresh, all elegant and verdant and truly English, but so successfully competing with each other that there seems no reason for selecting any.

Anything like study would open new vistas to this artist, and his talent would soon escape from an equality of production that looks so like manufacture. If he thinks he has nothing yet to learn, we would insinuate that one part badly painted destroys illusion in the whole; he is fond of introducing groups of figures, much more sketchily executed than the parts around them, that seem there, scarcely for any other purpose than to inform the spectator that the artist cannot draw! But drawing is treated by the landscape painter with the same contempt that acting is by a singer, the principal being in both cases a sacrifice to the accessories. A. Clint has ten pictures, many aiming at difficulties, as No. 11, *Arrival of Fishing Boats off Staithes, Coast of Yorkshire*; much too scratchily executed for breadth or transparency of effect. No. 30, *Near Folkestone, Mid-day*, is less ambitious, but far more successful. In its delicious silvery effect it is difficult to recognise the hand that painted the preceding. No. 52, *Above the Bridge, at Shoreham*, is another nice picture; as is also No. 198, *Entrance to the Newhaven Harbour from Salford Bay*. No. 278, *A Stormy Sunset*, is disfigured by the scratchy handling we have before noticed; but No. 404, *Scarborough in a Storm*, we think the most unpleasant picture of the whole. If the artist had written "*in a pucker*," there would have been more truth in the description. J. Wilson, Jun., has some clever little pictures; we would recommend him to take more pains in drawing the cattle he is so apt to introduce in his landscapes: it would increase their value materially. They are now eleven variations on the same tune, and crush one another by their own competition. A. Montague has some effective little pictures, No. 173 would be desirable, with more of care in the foreground. No. 390, *The Fortune-teller*, is clever. No. 427, *The Fishing Punt*, though sketchy, is powerful and true; as is also No. 554, *The Shady Pool*; but does Mr. Montague confess himself equal to nothing beyond this small fry, and yet call upon Her Majesty to grant a charter to the society of which he is a member, and himself a diploma for that production?

We pause for a reply.

Was E. Latilla obliged to go to Rome to paint No. 412, *Madonna and child*? or, was he betrayed by evil advisers to go there, and has sent back that picture as a warning to others? He could not have drawn much worse had he remained in England, and he might have been quite as Gothic. A. J. Woolmer has no less than sixteen of those elegant, unnatural, decorative, dreamy mannerisms, in which resemblance to any being in the heavens, or the earth, or the waters under the earth, is eschewed as a profanation. The forms are purely visionary, things the artist has copied from the suggestion of his hookah, delicate detections from the undulation of puffed smoke, the colour being purely an invention of his own. Taking this for granted, they have their attractions, and we will not judge of them with reference to anything else. We will, however, make an exception in favour of No. 65, *Solitude*, as a very poetically-conceived, and cleverly arranged picture. J. Zeitter has ten—what shall we call them? certainly, not pictures; and is it graceful to send ten crude sketches to one exhibition? Say nine; for we suppose the artist deems No. 51, *The Market Boat*, a finished picture. We find no attraction whatever in these abortions of the pencil.—Mr. Hurlston has eight pictures, and seems sole representative of the higher—(not the highest)—class of Art in the exhibition. No. 174, *Gulnare and the Pacha*, is a tolerable attempt at Venetian tone in colour, rich in general effect, but the flesh dirty in both figures, and entirely deficient in beauty of form, and sentiment in expression. The next in attempt, No. 505, *Young Gamblers in the Forum Romanum*, is more successful in execution, the heads being well painted, with enough of expression, and the

general tone rich and satisfactory; but there is a deficiency of drawing in the legs of the children that does much mischief to the whole. The portraits in the exhibition are few, the best are those by Mr. Baxter. No. 266, *Lizzia*, is a beautiful head of a child. No. 341, *Portrait of a Lady*, is also, as far as the face is concerned, a good specimen, but Mr. Baxter has much to do before he can make a stand as a portrait painter. There is a feebleness of drawing throughout the accessories, that shows the study of the painter to have been restricted to the head merely, all the rest is insufficient.—A picture of dead game, No. 60, by T. J. Barker, called *Poachers Surprized*, is one which we can scarcely classify. It is not sufficiently well painted for still life, and we could not understand the story: we think the canvass too large for the subject. H. J. Pidding has ten pictures of negroes, fish, &c., more remarkable for invention in title than for choice of model. Mr. Pidding never elevates the subject before him; in looking at his pictures our estimate of humanity descends, for he has just sufficiency of truth to fasten degradation on everything he paints. Thus, when looking at No. 201, *Heads of the Village*, we unwittingly ask ourselves what must the tails be? Mr. Prentis is of the same school, a little sanctified by sentimentality in a small way. No. 272, and 273, *Promised Bliss*, and 283, *Departed Joys*, are as bare of any picturesque fitness, as if the absence of that quality were the motive for their selection.

On looking back we find few pictures noticed that are not of the society's production. There is a whisper that among the number of paintings sent for exhibition those only are received that are least likely to interfere with their own. This would account for such a paucity of excellence. If there are no better specimens sent in than those hung up, the society may not vaunt of its usefulness to Art, nor of its reputation as an institution among artists: in either case, let us hear no more of charter. By-the-by, in the notice to artists and exhibitors, in the front of the catalogue, after the paragraph "Every work sent for exhibition shall be accompanied by a description in writing, addressed to the secretary," why not add: "and five shillings."

H. C. M.

### JEFFREYS; OR, THE WIFE'S VENGEANCE.

WE have, this month, to record the production of another five act play, that, if not eminently successful on the stage—if not possessing such completeness of vitality as may guarantee its permanence of place among the acting drama—presents us with unmistakable evidence of dramatic power in its author, that time cannot choose but ripen to a harvest of great things. The fault of the present work is, not in execution, but construction. Its weakness had existence in immaturity of conception, not haste in finish. Mr. Spicer has thought of producing a drama having Judge Jeffreys for its hero; but, finding it difficult to contrive a plot that might sufficiently connect him with its story, he has been compelled to use him as an accessory, an irresponsible instrument, beyond the influence of that poetical justice on which popularity of reception from an audience can alone be calculated. Judge Jeffreys is still the root and trunk of the idea in the author's mind, the branches but various graftings, to make the root useful. In spite of this, the masterly breadth with which the truculent lawyer has been delineated, well excuses the use the author has made of him. But the fault of construction lays deeper. The invented hero of the story is contemptible as a man, and without the circle to which the average of humanity can extend their interest. But to the plot.

The wealthy Lady Grace, in her own esteem, already in years beyond the pride of womanhood, has married a young man

(Pomfret) of whom she is causelessly jealous. The opening speech of the play describes well the observance of trifling indications on which that tormenting malady of the mind finds proofs of reasonableness:—

"Lady Grace.—I'll try him. 'Tis my birth-day. Now, will he Remember that, I wonder? Thirty five!  
Am I so old?—Alas! in truth, yes—This,  
Join'd with a fading face, makes the ear quick  
And jealous of Time's foot-fall.—Let him pass  
This one day with me—nay, let him but meet me  
With the frank look of old—for that's enough  
For me.—I am not of those wives who must  
Have all words sauced to their love's palate! No—  
Let him do this—and this fair morn shall be  
The first of a new summer. I will weed  
All self-tormenting fancies from my brain  
Smooth every tangled thought and henceforth deem  
That thou—my young, gay mate—my dear, dear Harry  
Age-stricken as I am can love me."

This small self-esteem, in a lady of thirty-five rather uncommon, is taken advantage of by a former suitor (Morgrave), a sort of Stukely, who invents calumnies that may shape it into fruitful advantages to his own intention. He is encouraged by success to a premature avowal of his hopes; but is met by a repulse that would argue healthiness of tone in his victim.

"Master Morgrave,  
I thank you for these words: my fearful spirit,  
By gazing too much down a dreaded height,  
Had nearly fallen below. Your mistimed speech  
Hath plucked me back. I do mistrust thy words  
Seeing to what end you come  
And what foul remedy you dare prescribe me

Yet does she blindly lend herself to his machinations, and, fully aware of his motive, challenges him for proof—and promises reward.

"Let us understand each other, Master Morgrave,  
As you are foully false, or I most foully wronged;  
Such is the doubt into whose dread solution  
I challenge your advance. I will have proof,  
Or, by the heaven above us—yea, by that  
Once cloudless in my heart, now blurred and dim  
I will denounce your baseness.

Morgrave. How, if I prove my truth?

Lady Grace.—Then shall you lack no gratitude  
Nay, nor reward."

Here the lady repudiates all pretensions to that purity of thought that makes respectability in woman; the delicacy of sentiment is destroyed, and the audience have cognizance that she has committed crime in fancy—that her soul has contemplated grossness of intention. This is crime—not error, and the lady has lost cast. Morgrave procures her the opportunity of witnessing an interview between her husband and his sister, represented to be his mistress, and her doubts are satisfied. This scene has too much an air of being contrived for her delusion; but the one following, and the contempt with which she puts aside Morgrave, approaches that high class of dramatic composition that requires exceeding power in the actor to sufficiently develope. If the characters were not in a false position, the words describe strong passion.

"Morgrave.—Nay, be calm

Bethink you of what course—

Lady Grace.—What course!—Advise

With thee. I thank you,—no. I am not yet  
So bare of counsellors. Stand more apart—  
I hate thee—heartily.

Morgrave.—And thus requite

The service you demanded!

Lady Grace.—Faha! I'll give thee

What thou lovest better—vengeance! You shall see



The hearts thou most abhorrest rent asunder,  
One bleeding from its core! You could not dream  
Ill more intense—revenge more exquisite—  
Than I will cater for thee. Never pinch  
Thy features into that love shape. Good faith?  
They were not measur'd for it! Was't for love  
Of me, you did entice me hither?—No.  
Love's thoughtful, patient, pitiful—for love  
Is gentler in his needful surgery—  
Finds remedy, not rancour. He has broke  
My heart—but you'll not gain by that. Be sure  
Those poor, poor remnants are too costly yet  
For breath of thine to sully.

Morgrave.—I—I swear—

Lady Grace.—That wilt thou, readily. And so do I.  
I'll use thee for revenge—and yet will be  
So tender with the instrument I wield,  
That angels shall not blush at my device,  
Which seems, but is not, sin. Only mark this,  
When I shall smile—or beckon—clasp thy hand—  
Or seem—pah!—fond on thee—presume not on't  
'Tis artifice no more."

This "seems, but is not, sin," is a question at which we are at issue with the author. It gives us doubt of sufficient elevation in his *beau ideal* of virtue. However, we will pass it by. The lady, in pursuance of this purposed vengeance, so conducts herself with Morgrave, in the very presence of her husband, and one L'Estrange, a creature of Jeffreys, that her lord is excited beyond his bearing; and here we have again some fine dramatic opportunities for a sufficient actor. After a vain endeavour to control his feelings, which is described with a master hand, from the futile attempt to talk or think of other subjects to the gradual swell and outbreak of his anger, when, his wife having left the room, he bursts forth with—

"You are a villain.—Seek not  
To fool me with your bland, persuasive tones  
From that I owe myself—Hold off L'Estrange—  
I say, a villain! I have long believ'd it;  
Sure as a cloud brings rain, distrust and grief  
Track this man's presence near my hearth. I tell you,  
If ever wretch were doomed to walk the world,  
Dogged by a smiling devil swathed in rags,  
Stolen from virtue, I am he;—and *this*  
My—back L'Estrange! You heard me, Sir, I think,  
Pronounce you—villain? Must I add thereto  
A coward, and—"

When Lady Grace returns, and seems to take the side of Morgrave, Pomfret's appeal to her is replete with manly feeling, well expressed:

"Woman—wife!  
What dost thou mean? what innocent play lies hid  
Beneath a mask so lewd? Have I deserved this?  
Didst thou endow me with thy fortunes' gifts—  
Thyself, far richer—but to shame me? Look—  
I cannot rend in fury that white hand,  
Nor pluck you cowering traitor from thy skirts,  
But I may take my outraged honour hence  
From this polluted home, leaving thy thoughts  
My sole avengers. Nay, thou shalt not say  
That I have e'er been harsh with thee. Once more  
Let go that hand! I pray thee, Grace, sweet Grace,  
Put not thy sacred honour to such shame  
As my sad love hath borne. Standst thou unmoved?  
Farewell for ever!"

So far, whatever fault we may find with the lady, all is well, with the gentleman, and the character of Pomfret is consistent with chivalrous, honourable manhood.

"I was a soldier when I wooed her. All  
My wealth hung at my side; and when I wrapped  
My ragged cloak over a heart as worn,  
And even in such guise, won her—she that was  
My love, clothed on with gratitude, became  
Mine angel. But that's past. This wrong of hers

Exalts mine honest poverty above  
The mount of gold she sits on. We have now  
Changed places. She, proud heart, shall sue to me—  
Aye, kneeling shall she woo her beggar-lord,  
Or ere he cross that threshold. Do you smile?  
What do you mean? 'Tis folly, Sir,—not guilt—  
She has to answer."

This is most unfitting prologue for what follows. With the mere added testimony of some shadows seen from his park he accuses his wife of treason, to Jeffreys. Of all the characters in the numerous subdivisions of mankind, that of the informer is the most degraded; and Mr. Spicer has chosen to risk the interest and entire sentiment of his play on the sympathy that an individual so base was capable of inspiring. This is not a question to be discussed in the closet. It is not matter for argument but feeling. No circumstance can make respectable a crime that connects revenge with meanness. What! an English gentleman, believing himself wronged by his lady's unchastity, instead of seeking the means of reparation every opinion of the period would have sanctified, appeals to a notoriously unjust judge, and produces a lying accusation against his own wife, her supposed paramour, and two other persons of whom he knew nothing, but that they were partners in opinion, if not with himself, with a dear portion of his own family; and pockets his own insult, to obtain a wretched retribution from the cruel tyranny of the time. Why, in comparison with such a hero, Judge Jeffreys was virtue itself. After this there is no material for interest in the play; and the audience, already something dissatisfied, do not care if all the characters were hanged together. On the stage errors may be pardoned to any amount. Bold, daring villainy may excite respectful, breathless horror; but adulterate crime with meanness, and the amalgamation is simply despised.

The act of Pomfret is not merely the sin of a hasty ebullition of passion, but it is confirmed the next day, in open court, after he knows that his sister and his brother-in-law are the two he has included in his charge. All this is so dramatically produced, the very excellence of the writing increases our disgust for the man. How much we wish the following sentence came from a mouth more fitted for its utterance, and not from one below the villain he denounces.

"I know thee, monster! and 'twere poor amends  
To speak it; but that the despairing cry  
Of injured lips, in place of present strength,  
Hath prophecy. Therefore, thou bold avenger,  
That strik'st where God would suffer—merchant fiend,  
That sell'st thy victims ere thou slay'st them,—hear,  
Standing among thy trophies newliet won,  
Aye, even from their lost side, I SENTENCE THEE.  
Vengeance shall haunt thee, and posterity,  
Howl curses on thy name. Nay, from this heart  
A living spirit cries that, even now,  
Sharp retribution dogs that path, up which  
Thou clim'st in thought to honour. In that hour  
When thou shalt drag thy hat upon thy brows,  
In dread of each man's eye—when hopes and friends  
Hourly drop from thee—think on us,—and so  
Cringe to thy fate—spurned—buffeted—a dog  
Not worth a rope—flung in some heedless cell  
To die!"

This late repentance produces a scene with his wife in the prison, full of pathos, each upbraiding themselves as having caused all the mischief by their own folly. They had—

"Sought vengeance in each other's pride  
And have but mocked ourselves. We have made war  
Like traitors 'gainst love's sacred majesty,  
And high selected throne; scold'd at his gifts—  
Made poison of his sweet, his wholesome fruit,  
Turned all his good to wrong. We merit not  
His knowledge."

He has bargained with Jeffreys for her life, who asked for substitute a

"Prisoner  
Her mate in birth, in name! Thou'rt free! I grasp'd  
The bloody terms——"

He offered himself, and his offer is greedily accepted.

"I was arraigned—was tried  
Witnesses called—my own confession heard—  
All the scant needs of law were fully met  
And satisfied."

Deceived, however, by Jeffreys, execution is appointed for both. They are, however, saved at the latest moment by royal pardon.

We have spoken plainly of what we consider the faults of the play. The hero and heroine do not come into court with clean hands; their complaints of others are unreasonable, while criminal themselves. Morggrave, De l'Isle, and Alice, have too much of the mere instrument—they are too exactly useful, and no more, have no distinct vitality, and are made unnatural in themselves to make that natural, in itself contrary to nature, in others. The interview between Pomfret and Alice was scarcely worded as between a brother and a sister in circumstance of fear; and Morggrave, really the tool and instrument of Lady Grace, is constructed solely for that purpose, and then to hang. Judge Jeffreys is a finely, boldly, consistently-drawn dramatic personage, that illustrates and produces with success the agreed notion we have of the scoundrel from history; and the writer was powerfully supported by Mr. Phelps' masterly conception, and thoroughly perfect execution of his meaning. Indeed, all those about the bully judge were good in their way; Morton's l'Estrange, and Knight's Colonel Kirk, were roughly, but forcibly, rendered without mixture of affectation. Next to Mr. Phelps we give the palm to Mr. Scharfe's Tory Tom, as presenting much of artist-like individuality. We were disappointed that the author made no use of this personage—he seems singularly without motive from the beginning to the end of the play. The character of Lady Grace owes nothing to the acting of Mrs. Warner; we never saw that lady to less advantage. It was a dull, drawling, flat, monotonous performance throughout; that passed, unnoticed, opportunities for brilliant, passionate, declamation, which might have, in some measure, excused the weak morality of conception in the author, and have produced something approaching to excitement in the audience. Of Mr. Henry Marston's conception of Pomfret, we can scarcely give an opinion; but, the physical obstacle presented by his voice to any variety of intonation rendered him a most inefficient representative of the character. With an actor equal to the part, there were occasions in the detail that might have dazzled judgment as to the sin of its construction. In the language of this play, we are glad to see a determined stand against that affected transpositions of words, that mangle the sense of a passage, to appear antiquated; a true dramatic intention towards expression of the thought with which the mind is full, and not to make it wait for some prettiness, called poetry, by those who would confine the term to ornamental imagery alone, and would write plays entirely unfit to be acted. Dramatic language is the exact, terse, full expression of intense feeling, and should never have the suspicion of laboured preparation or far fetched allusion. The listening spectators must understand at once the thing that is meant. We think, that, in this quality, the author exceeds all modern writers, and we hope that his next production will present us with a more perfect *beau idéal* of what man or woman should be, to sufficiently embrace the sympathies for strong excitement in an audience.

THE TRUNK-MAKER.

## MR. HAYDON'S PICTURES.

WE have visited the exhibition-room containing two pictures of a series intended for the decoration of the *Old House of Lords*, the subjects of which presented themselves to the mind of Mr. Haydon, to use his own words, "thirty-six years ago, while standing below the bar of the House of Lords, waiting the arrival of the Prince Regent, to open Parliament for the first time; when it occurred to him what a fine situation and light the house would afford for a series of grand works, illustrating the best government to regulate a nation without cramping its liberties; and how much more worthy such a series would be, than the Gothic tapestries then disfiguring the walls. On his return to his painting-room he immediately planned the following series:—

1. To show the horrors of Anarchy,
2. To show the injustice of Democracy,
3. To show the cruelties of Despotism,
4. To show the tyranny of Revolution,
5. To show the blessings of Justice, and
6. The advantages of a limited Monarchy.

The sketches were instantly made, and laid before a Minister of State. He approved the plan—said it was admirable; but, looking in the artist's face, added, "*You are too young!*" Not discouraged, the artist kept laying the plan before successive ministers, and in 1829 before the public. In 1835 and 40, he explained the plan in lectures at Oxford and elsewhere; in 1839, he laid it before and explained it to another Minister, who said "*he was too early still!*" and this year he explained the plan to a Royal Commission, who also again looked in the artist's face and said, "*You are too late!*" The artist, thus finding, in the course of thirty-six years, that he had been "too young," "too early," or, "too late," has resolved to paint his series of six, so long contemplated, and to throw himself and his works on the sympathy of the British people. He has begun with the "*Injustice of Democracy*," and the "*Cruelties of Despotism*," as affording a fairer contrast. The first of these is represented by the banishment of Aristides, taking the moment when the legislator, his family and household dog, are leaving Athens by the Piræan Gate. The first effect of the picture, as a whole, is exceedingly satisfactory, with a richness of colouring in no part spotty from exceeding brilliancy, or exception in tone of general light. Aristides is raising his right arm and appealing to the gods, with his eyes directed upwards in a simple nobility of attitude wholly free from affectation; the countenance finely conceived, and in the highest character of form. Holding by his robe, is his young son, a child of five years, who seems to feel the circumstance as a child would feel, without mixture of that precocity of sentiment that sacrifices truth to effect. The child is a beautiful specimen of fine drawing, and masterly handling. On the left arm of Aristides leans his wife with her newly-born infant. We do not think her countenance so happy, either in choice of model or truth of expression. She need not have been so tall, and possesses a plumpness of feature that seems to be at variance with her situation. In respect to form, drapery, and other accessories, she is worthy of the group. On the left of the wife, a figure with a red cap, representing a fisherman of Athens, is a fine specimen of sturdy radicalism. The head of his old mother, grinning over his shoulder, and encouraging her son, is another excellently-conceived expression. The two are well opposed by the stern sorrow of another personage between the wife of Aristides and the fisherman. On the right hand of Aristides stands Themistocles: we think the painter has sacrificed this hero to the sentiment he would support: the head, finely-painted, and of high character, has more of the brute-warrior than of the statesman; and we would



ineinate something wrong in the right shoulder, that deteriorates from sufficient breadth in the chest and trunk to correspond with the neck and head. Between him and Aristides, an old man—intended to be a venerable Archon of the Areopagus; and represented as reasoning and appealing to Themistocles on the gross injustice of the decision,—does not quite satisfy us as an adequate representative of the character. We think his head weak, and the expression insufficient. The least happy portion of the picture is an old man, stooping to gather stones and dirt to throw at the banished statesman. We find a want of proportion in this figure; in its parts with each other; and in its whole with the rest. His head appears small in comparison with his back, arms, and shoulders; and, on the same plane with the principal figure, on standing up, he would be considerably taller than any of them. The background, and all the accessories, leave nothing to desire.—The second picture, representing the cruelties of despotism, we do not think so successful in conception as the one we have described. We think the tyrant, surrounded by his parasites, would have offered facilities for a composition of greater interest, than a solitary figure, however well-drawn, and brutally organized. The flattery of a fawning court we believe to have greater charms than even music, wine, and ices, in solitude. Although the effect, as to colour, cannot be sufficiently appreciated under the circumstances in which the picture is placed, it indicates all the high qualities of the artist's execution; but we do not think it has had a fair share of his consideration in selection of accessories. The background is a representation of Rome in flames; and the emperor Nero is comfortably seated, playing his lyre with the plectrum, while wine and fruit are cooling in jars of ice, within his reach! The composition might be executed in a *bas relief*, and the countenance of Nero gives no indication that he has cognizance of the devastation going on. It may be considered as hyper-criticism to remark, that there is no common point of sight to the architecture; the horizontal lines of which are mostly parallel with the plane of the picture. Had the figures been more numerous, this would not be obtrusive; but it challenges attention, as that the design is architectural.

We do not understand Mr. Haydon's motive for withholding these pictures from the Academy Exhibition, which they would have enriched. We know that West was successful in the exhibition of a single picture; and that crowds would then go to admire what is since discovered to be of a mediocre character. The days of enthusiasm in Art have gone by. The critic—no matter what his fitness for the task—assumes high station, in proportion to what he deems a safe average of estimate, rather than an exact apportionment of approval to excellence in the work before him. Without assuming for the best of these pictures more than its due, we assert Mr. Haydon to be the only History painter of our school; and regret that circumstances—whether of his own contrivance, or the perversity of his period—have, in what he has done, given us but imperfect data for an estimate of the amount of excellence his capacity would have been equal to, with efficient opportunity for its development.

H. C. M.

## PARISIAN LYRICS AND "CHOREGRAPHICS."

To the Editor of the Connoisseur.

Paris, 13th April, 1846.

MANY have been the novelties which have excited the attention of the Parisian musical world this winter. but it is especially during the last few weeks that the critic's powers of rhetoric and discrimination have been put to the severest test in order to animadvert upon the innumerable offerings at the shrine of Apollo,

often presented simultaneously, or following each other with such extreme rapidity, as almost to bid defiance to the most strenuous efforts to keep pace with them, and allow to each the attention necessary to arrive at dispassionate conclusions as to its merits.

It may not be uninteresting to cast a glance at a few of the most prominent events in the annals of Musical Art which have lately occurred in this, the centre of novelty of every description.

We shall purposely abstain from any allusion to the "Nabucco," "Proscritto," or other novelties of the season at the Italian Opera, as they are either already submitted to the attention of the London "dilettanti," or in course of preparation at her Majesty's theatre; and chiefly by the same great "artistes" who have just quitted the Gallic metropolis.

The opera of *Les Mousquetaires de la Reine* by Halévy, produced some weeks ago at the "Opera Comique" theatre, has achieved a great and merited success; indeed, since the production of Boieldieu's *Dame blanche*, I believe there is no parallel example of a work of this kind having so speedily established itself in popular favour.

In general, Halévy's partitions are alike wanting in delicacy of sentiment and melodious effects; and although often inspired with ideas highly dramatic; and striking and original as are many of his conceptions—especially in *La Juive*, the most successful of his former efforts,—they are rarely developed with discrimination and refinement, and are in general crushed and stifled, as it were, in a deluge of overloaded instrumentation, alike unmeaning and uninteresting; completely deficient in the striking transitions and poetical combinations of the school of Weber and Meyerbeer, and either tediously prosaic, from an over-pedantic display of thorough-bass, or, when lofty effects are aimed at, confused and unintelligible.

In this instance, however, the composer has started upon an entirely new track, and produced a series of charming melodies which, if perhaps not very original in their conception, are most happily and judiciously worked out, and adapted to the action of the piece with very remarkable dramatic intelligence.

The more florid passages of the score are also most dexterously handled; and the concerted pieces which abound, exhibit a careful study of the classical school of Winter and of Spohr—indeed the greater portion of the music bears so completely German a character in its melodious elements, chaste and vigorous effects of harmony, and mellowness of tint, that one can scarcely believe it to proceed from the composer of "Guido et Ginevra," and "La Reine de Chypre."

The piece in itself is extremely interesting, and ingeniously conceived, partaking as it does both of light comedy and serious drama; and the humorous and the pathetic being most dexterously combined; in fact, rarely has the pen of the veteran playwright, St. Georges, produced so complete a work in its particular style.

The author's tact also in taking advantage of the *Mousquetaire engouement* engendered among all classes by the novel of Alexandre Dumas, is worthy of observation; for although the piece possesses too much intrinsic merit, and too many attractive elements not to have been successful under any circumstances; its title is a great additional passport to public attention, and we doubt whether its hero or heroes, (for two there are) would have excited a like degree of interest under any other costume than that of the reckless, rollicking guardsman of the reign of Louis XIII.

Two new oratorios have been lately produced, the one at the "opera comique," entitled *L'Ermite ou la Tentation* is by M. Jousse, a composer as yet almost totally unknown; the other, entitled *Moïse au Sinai*, at the "Académie Royale de Musique," by M. Felicien David, the celebrated composer of the symphony of *le Desert*.

The former although somewhat heavy and monotonous in the aggregate, contains many passages of merit and originality, especially a melody in the first part, which is repeated in turn by the horns, the violins *en sourdine*, and the voice of St. Anthony, and which contains harmonious effects; a chorus of demons which is finely conceived and wrought up, and a duet between the saint and the tempter.

Of the latter, it were charity to say nothing; for notwithstanding the immense popularity of Felicien David's former work, and consequent predisposition of the public in favour of every thing he

produces, *Moise au Sinai* has made a complete *fiasco*; and, notwithstanding the talent of Duprez, Gardoni, and Mademoiselle Nau, and the aid of one of the most perfect orchestras existing, was consigned to the "tomb of all the Capulets," after only two performances.

Among the many public concerts of the last month, that of our countryman, Mr. Osborne, was one of the most attractive and numerously attended: a pupil of the veteran disciple of Beethoven and Haydn, the *doyen* of the *planistes* of the old school, Kalkbrenner, Mr. Osborne interprets the classical works of the great German masters with much ability, combining vigour and expression with great accuracy and precision, whilst his numerous compositions reveal much real musical sentiment, as well as a profound initiation into the resources of his Art.

Upon this occasion he performed a sonata of Beethoven's most delightfully and a study in E flat, and a march of his own composition, which elicited universal applause.

Another composer of English origin is also much in vogue here among the "dilettanti," Mr. Onslow, and his quartets, quintets, and sextuors, are often performed with great success, even before the fastidious *habitués* of Mr. Kalkbrenner's *salon*.

In truth, we are rapidly progressing as a musical nation, and in a "fair way" to vanquish the prejudices existing against us in this respect upon the Continent: for example, independent of the two composers in the graver branches of the Art, above mentioned, Balfe, in the operatic line, has created for himself a position among the popular musicians of the day, and it is a curious fact that, at this moment, the "prime donne" at the two principal theatres in Italy, the land of song! are both of British parentage; Lady Bishop at San Carlos at Naples, and Miss Hayes at la Scala at Milan.

The private concerts of the season the most worthy of notice have been those of the prince de la Moskowa, of which there have already been two.

It is now six years ago since the prince, himself an accomplished musician, founded a society under the title of *Société des concerts de musique vocale, religieuse et classique* for the purpose of reviving the works of the old Italian composers of sacred chants, and psalmody, before almost entirely lost sight of and forgotten.

He confines his selections almost entirely to the works of the musicians of the 16th century, such as Palestrina, Marcello, Vitoria, Orlando Lasso, Jonelli, Pergolese, the Abbé Clarq, &c., &c., and the highly efficient chorusses are entirely composed of amateurs, male and female, whilst the solo parts are generally sung by distinguished *artistes*, the prince himself invariably occupying the conductor's chair, and waving the magic *baton* with great energy and precision.

These, the most fashionably attended concerts in Paris, are held in the afternoon in the handsome saloon of M. Henri Herz, and are under the patronage of a few of the most distinguished ladies of the *haut ton*, to whom it is necessary to apply for tickets.

Events which have caused some stir in musical circles are the concerts of the Norwegian violinist, Ole Bull, who has been turning all heads with his celebrated *polacca guerriere*, and the publication of a treatise upon the Art of Singing by Monsieur Duprez,\* of which Rossini has accepted the dedication in a most gracious epistle to the author, and which has been unanimously adopted by the committee of the Conservatoire.

The ballet just produced at the "Academie Royale," entitled *Paquita*, has made a very decided "hit."

The scene passes in Spain during the occupation of the French in 1812. The plot of the piece possesses but little novelty, being quite of the old melo-dramatic school, and "made up" of the very common ingredients of a young girl, and supposed gipsy, of course discovered to be of noble parentage in the sequel, an officer of hussars, a model of virtue and bravery, her *inamorato*, a blood-thirsty *Gitanos*, an heroic French, and a treacherous Spanish general; with the invariable accompaniments of glistening stiletos, and "a

poisoned cup," and usual "quantum" of foul projects and hair-breadth escapes!

The tale, however, presents much scope for theatrical display and elaborate stage effects, and in this respect is all that is needful for a mere pantomimic exhibition.

The first act passes among the mountains in the neighbourhood of Saragossa, and the romantic features in the landscape are done ample justice to, by the distinguished artists, Dieterte, Sechan, and Desplechin; in fact, nothing can be more effective, both in grandeur of conception, and harmony and depth of colouring, and the masses of frowning and arid rocks in the foreground with their thousand fantastic curvatures, rugged fissures and yawning chasms; with the snow clad mountains in the back, standing out in bold relief from the soft and limpid horizon, form as complete a pictorial illusion as it is possible to conceive.

The costumes are designed with perfect correctness; and where are they more varied and picturesque than in this same fair kingdom of Spain? and plentifully scattered about among gossamer veils, flowing mantillas, crimson scarfs and leather buskins, are the stately *bonnets de poil*, glittering *colbecks*, and richly-bedizened uniforms of the imperial troops, forming a striking and happily-arranged *coup d'œil*.

The dances are highly characteristic, and exhibit to view many new effects in their arrangement, some of which are obviously borrowed from the performance of the Viennese children, who produced so great a sensation last year, both here and in London.

Mademoiselle Carlotta Grisi, in the part of the heroine, is beyond all praise. Her pantomime is as graceful and expressive, as her dancing is vigorous, supple, and ethereal. Many old Spanish airs are introduced into the music which is composed and arranged by M. Delderez.

In the ball-scene, which terminates the piece, and which is a most gorgeous *spectacle*, the stiff and formal dances of the high society of the time are introduced, consisting of the original quadrille, with its precise *avant deux*, *assembles*, *poussettes*, and *entrechats*; the *allemande*, and the *gavotte*; and, whilst the *cavaliers* "figure away," in the tightly-fitting uniform of the imperial "guides," or *voltigeurs*, their partners are attired in heavily-floenced and furbelowed gowns of scanty dimensions, the waist reaching to but little over the shoulders, and encircled by broad sashes, tied behind in a bow!

C. M.

## REVIEW.

CARTE'S Complete Course of Instruction for the Boehm Flute. London: Addison and Hodgson, Regent Street.

Within a few years great strides have been made in the construction of all instruments: pianos, horns, trumpets, &c., and among them the flute, an instrument, till lately, made on very imperfect principles, but which, owing to the exertion and skill of Boehm has received so much improvement as to be almost perfect in capability, as far as regards the formation of the notes: this mechanical improvement has also given greater facilities for execution, so that more may be effected in less time and better than on the old flute. At present, however, in consequence of this discovery of M. Boehm's, the flute world is in suspense between the two systems, and Mr. Carte's book very happily comes in to decide the question. He argues fairly and dispassionately on the merits of the new as compared with the old, and we think clearly proves that even for one brought up under the old system the difficulties are not so great but that they may be overcome by a little care and attention, and the player, then, will have the mastery over an instrument more perfect in every way and of greater power: this analysis is made in a very satisfactory manner, and must carry conviction with it. On the conclusion of this part he says: "Impressed with such feelings as the foregoing investigation has naturally, and in which I believe all admirers of the flute in this country will, sooner or later, unite with me, I cannot refrain from

\* *L'Art du Chant*, by G. Duprez, Artiste de l'Academie royale de Musique, et Professeur au Conservatoire royal de Paris, prix, 25 francs, au Bureau central de Musique, 29, Place de la Bourse.



expressing my obligations to Mr. Boehm for those indefatigable exertions to improve the flute, which have been crowned with such complete success. Cordial thanks are also due to Messrs. Rudall and Rose for their high professional spirit, manifested by their introduction of this instrument into England, and for the pains they have taken, as manufacturers, to bring it to its present state of perfection."

The remainder of the book contains the rudiments of music necessary for the flute-player. On time—embellishments—on the flute itself, with the various fingerings for the Boehm flute, and the open G key, and the closed G key, concluding with exercises, from simple airs to most complicated and difficult passages.—The work, no doubt, will be useful not only for those who begin with this new system, but more particularly for those who having learnt the old wish to make a change, which, from our experience of the tone and effects produced on the Boehm instrument, will be found very much to their ultimate satisfaction.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

**THE PIANO-FORTE CRISIS.**—In a Concert-room, while one of our astonishing pianists was executing a sonata with his left hand only, although he had the perfect use of both, a lady demanded of the gentleman by whom she was accompanied:

"Who, in your opinion, is the most astonishing pianist?"

"In truth, madam, they are all so astonishing, that I confess your question is embarrassing. If among the players on that instrument, there were one whose aim was not to astonish, I should not hesitate in declaring him the most astonishing of all."

"But which is he that gives you most pleasure?"

"That is more easily answered: he that fatigues me the least."

"You are a barbarian!"

"No! I am only a victim."

"You do not like the piano?"

"I like the piano much, but not the pianist."

"How, then, do you wish that the piano should be played?"

"As the violin; the violoncello; the clarionette; the hautboy; or the flute: as they sing: that is to say, with feeling, with expression. I would have fewer notes, and more meaning: less address, and more sentiment: less impetuosity, and more elegance: less of noise, and more of tone: I would, that they should not abuse the resources of so rich, so powerful, an instrument; and use them them not as an end, but as a means."

"You are too unreasonable!"

This very year, a pupil of the Conservatoire, desirous to obtain the opinion of M. Carafa upon several compositions of the piano-forte, among others, enumerated the *Invitation to the waltz*, by Weber. "Eh! but you are going from the question," replied sharply the author of *Masaniello*, "that is another affair, that is music!"

**THE INQUISITIVE BORE.**—*Idem fortis via sacra, sicut meus est mos*, that is, I had found my way into the pit of the Italian Opera House, on a not very crowded evening, after the Easter recess; and had seated myself on a bench to which there was a back: an alternate blessing here, although elsewhere, not only have the pits' benches backs, but are fitted-up like stalls, as at Drury Lane: a practice much to be commended; and, we hope, more extensively followed. I had not long enjoyed my "*otium*," when a little dapper man came and sat next to me. For a time, he was busily employed with little personal manoeuvres; but all being: at length, arranged to his entire satisfaction, he commenced a survey of the place, peering into every corner, this was at length over; and, as it was yet early, he attacked me with some remark. From his very look, I suspected him: his very face, his manner, indicated him a restless being. Ah! thought I, I shall be bored to death; so, I answered somewhat coldly. This did not in the least disconcert him; and he continued his attacks until the orchestra struck up. His attention was now arrested. The curtain drew up; and with but an occasional

remark, now and then, he seemed to pay great attention to what was represented: it was the opera, "*Sonnambula*;" and Castellan, and Mario, were enchanting the house. I occasionally took a glance at my friend, and saw clearly that the opera was not his usual place of resort. He had come, by chance, from Manchester, or the Land's End—anywhere, it might be, in these railroad days;—and was determined to see and learn all he could, during his stay. It was not long before this opinion was confirmed. The curtain fell after the first act; and he recommenced his interrogations. Alas! for me!

"Will you kindly tell me, Sir, what country the lady comes from?"

"From Italy."

"Ah! Italy. You don't know from what part?"

"No, Sir, I do not."

"Don't you think she has a German accent?"

"Really, Sir, I have not discovered it."

"But that other lady—she is German?"

"I believe not, Sir,—besides, most people sing in their own language."

"Will you tell me, Sir, if the music be Rossini's or Lablache's?"

"Lablache is a singer, and not a composer."

"Oh! then I suppose the music is Rossini's?"

"No, Sir, it is not—it is Bellini's."

"Ah!—he is a promising composer, is he not?"

[I could but answer with a suppressed laugh.]

"And the tenor—is that Velluti?"

"Really, Sir, you must have come from the city of the dead. that tenor is the celebrated Mario."

"Oh! but Velluti was a tenor?"

"No, Sir, he was not."

"What was he, then?"

"I really can't explain, Sir."

"Ah! Do you know what pay the tenor gets?"

"No, I do not."

"Really!"

"I assure you, Sir."

"Have you got a free admission?"

"No, Sir, I pay for my amusement."

"But you come often to the opera—do you?"

"Oh, yes, sometimes."

"And these singers—do you like them?"

"Oh, yes, very well."

"The manager makes a deal of money, doesn't he?"

"I don't think it."

"Then perhaps he loses—"

"It may be."

"How do you know?"

"I never said I did know."

"But you said it may be."

At this moment the band struck up, the curtain rose, which diverted the choler that was rising; however, I sat dogged all through the remainder of the opera. As soon as it was over, without waiting for a chance of a renewal of hostilities, I hastily slunk away into the crowd.

"*Undique concurrens, sic me servavit Apollo.*"

### DRAMATIC SUMMARY.

**ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.**—FRENCH PLAY.—The productions of the month in this bijou among theatres have not been signalized by any very remarkable novelty. M. Lafont has repeated several of his former performances; and we have been introduced to a very youthful *debutante*, Mlle. Juliette Raoul, a pupil of our some-time favourite Mad. Jenny Vertprée. There is much of dramatic talent in this young lady; and it is impossible, with so much artistic attention to detail, and such continued observance of the author's meaning, that her performance could be entirely a failure; yet there is such deficiency of physical adaptation, not only in the tone of her voice, but apparent difficulty of articula-

tion, that affects both her singing and elocution, that we doubt eventual attainment of a high position as an actress: determined study will, however, do more to overcome these obstacles than most persons may give it credit for. M. Leon Baissi has also made his bow: his performance of Arnal's character of Pinquoin, in "Riche d'Amour," was, for an imitation, full of spirit. We are to be propitiated this month with the presence of that delicious artiste, Mlle. Rose Cheri (what a love of a name), of the Gymnase, who carries art in her personations to such a fulness, that nature and it are one. None that have pretensions to dramatic taste dare miss an occasion for the contemplation of such excellence.

**PRINCESSES THEATRE.**—Mr. Macready, having survived the denouncement of transatlantic criticism, has returned to this theatre for continued repetition of the four characters he has already so frequently repeated. There is, however, a change in the bill of fare, about to take place, commencing with "Macbeth," already so well known and so highly appreciated. Once upon a time, Lady Macbeth was considered an attraction in the play: now, she is used as a repulsion. The placing Mrs. Ternan in such a position is an excellent illustration of the consequence to Art resulting from the inefficiency of those to whom the superintendence of the drama has been confided.

**SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.**—Besides Mr. Spicer's play of "Judge Jeffreys," already noticed, Mr. Phelps has added another performance to the catalogue of his triumphs. Howard Payne's tragedy of "Brutus; or, the Fall of Tarquin," is well adapted to the dramatic strength of this theatre, as having its whole interest dependant on a single actor. The three phases in the character of Lucius Junius, as the idiot, the patriot, and the consul, were so conceived and executed as to place the personation among the best upon the stage. We never see this gentleman without observing more of prominence in some excellence, and less of obtrusion in some former mannerism, that brings him nearer to our idea of an actor. The silly look of Lucius, in the early scenes, was sufficiently marked, without being repulsive or ridiculous, a nice point for an actor. The rough eloquence and bold bearing of the warrior was energetic and commanding; while the dignity of the judge, in the latter scene, was admirably supported under the exceeding anguish of the father. Miss Cooper exhibits much of vivacity, as a comic actress, in the character of an uproarious juvenile in "My Uncle's Pet."

**HAYMARKET THEATRE.**—Of Mr. Planche's *humile* attempt at adapting the burlesque of Aristophanes to the amusement of the school-escaped audience of Easter, we can only remark, that we are rejoiced to find such difficulty has arisen in obtaining subjects out which to attach these wens of literature, that their manufacturers are compelled to dig so far into antiquity for a foundation to build upon; this being a symptom of approach towards exhaustion. The seeming intention of this experiment would be more completely carried out, if each of the audience had been provided with an easy chair, and instructed to bring with them a night-cap. These absurdities involve author, manager, actors, and audience, in one common degradation.

The Beggar on Horseback still continues its merited success.

**LYCEUM THEATRE.**—We will ask no stronger evidence to the non-existence of a sufficient audience in a London theatre than the continued performance of a drawn-out farce of three acts, called (why we know not, excepting that disconnection is part of the author's system) "Honours and Tricks," in which there are not two scenes that have relationship with one another. There is an Irish surgeon who visits his patients in a costume that is a cross between those of a Roman robber and a Highland cateran; a doctor's boy that poisons crossing sweepers to cure

them from squinting. A heavy villain, in private life, who, for no other reason than that such a thing is impossible, makes his own daughter a confidant of his treachery and crime. A dutiful son, who, for no reason whatever, palms the doctor's boy on his father as his father's wife, and his own mother; a romantic young lady, who receives a Roman bandit in full paraphernalia into a London boarding-house, and conceals him in her bed-room, &c., &c., &c. All this that F. Vining may come on and go off, talk sentiment, and do nothing; that Mr. A. Wigan may play on Irish character without exerting himself sufficiently to play it well, or to be heard across the stalls in level speaking; that Mr. F. Matthews may be teased, and fiery as an Indian officer; that Mrs. Keeley may be pert and vulgar as a maid of-all-work; and that her worthy husband may be an old woman, *Punch's* militia-man, and "show the world he possesses a deal of stern." The whole concatenation has no more of coherence than a scrap-book, and must have been an experiment on the extent of toleration obtainable from the apathy of the present play-going public. There is, however, a liveliness in the dialogue, that forbids us to pronounce the author incapable of something better.

The principal actor at this theatre continues to be Tom Thumb.

**ADELPHI THEATRE.**—"Industry and Indolence" was the morality for Easter at this theatre; the plot of which turns upon the attempts of two cousins, Mons. Delamare, (Mr. Perkins) an insolent tradesman, and Rollin, (Mr. O. Smith) a vagabond, to take away the life of Cecile (Mad. Celeste) who, by will, inherits a considerable property to which they were, conjointly, heirs-at-law. These attempts are twice foiled by the industrious workman, Etienne, (Mr. How); they, however, succeed in abstracting the will and other necessary papers from Cecil's possession, by the agency of the indolent workman, Marcel, (Mr. Selby), who has been corrupted with the promise of a sum of money by Rollin. In the act of obtaining these documents, Marcel is interrupted by his brother, Etienne: a struggle in the dark ensues, and Marcel releases himself, by using his knife, without knowing on whom. His discovery, next day, that he has stabbed his brother, produces repentance; the restitution of the papers; the punishment of the great criminals; the conversion of the indolent workman (by enabling him to live without labour); and the marriage of Cecil and Etienne. Madame Celeste had all her picturesque beauty of pose, and intensity of general manner; with all her usual faults of accentuation. Mr. How played with an unaffected full conception, in which, if there were no art, neither was there anything to blame. With more of study, this actor might aim at something higher in the drama, having many natural advantages. Mr. O. Smith was *à l'ordinaire*; the parts being usually made to fit this actor, who is always alike, when there is a failure, it is the fault of the author. Mr. Selby, who seems to have no particular line, played Marcel creditably; the part, itself, not presenting material for doing more. There was, as usual, a running accompaniment of Messrs. Wright and Bedford, and Miss Woolgar, which was in no respect different from the roving commissions usually allotted to them, excepting that their fun was something slower than usual; we suppose from repetition.

The second piece was a burlesque on "Peter Wilkins," in which the mirth-producing portion was entrusted to Mr. Paul Bedford, Mr. Munyard, and a huge monkey, (Mr. Mitchenson). The monkey had it hollow. It would seem that railways were invented to supply burlesque concocters with witticisms. Oh! how sick are we of attenuated variations on "scrip," and "Managing Directors." With such materials

Jokers who always joked now joke the more;

And jokers now crack jokes who never joked before!

The monkey, in making-up and natural action, was super-



superior; and, moreover, a number of lovely damsels from the Flying Islands were most explanatorily-prodigious of their pretty legs, and all that sort of thing; for which we rejoiced ourselves heartily; inasmuch as their selection evidenced freedom from prejudice in the damsels themselves; and a certain progress in æsthetics, and sufficient appreciation of beauty of form in the manager, that gives us earnest of continued progress of the arts among the vulgar.

THE TRUNK-MAKER.

### MUSICAL SUMMARY.

**THE ITALIAN OPERA.**—Since our last, this theatre has gained the powerful assistance of Grisi, Castellan, Mario, and Lablache. The operas performed during the past month are *Belisario*, *Nino Puritani*, *Don Giovanni*, *Sonnambula*, *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, and *Norma*—seven in all; so that there has been no want of change. We shall confine our notice principally to the *Don Giovanni*; it may not be uninteresting to place here in juxtaposition those who took a part in this opera on its introduction into this country in 1817, with the present cast:

	1817.	1846.
<i>Donna Anna</i> ,	Camporese,	Grisi,
<i>Zerlina</i> ,	Fodor,	Castellan,
<i>Elvira</i> ,	Miss Hughes,	Sanchioli,
<i>Don Giovanni</i> ,	Ambrogetti,	Fornasari,
<i>Leporello</i> ,	Maldi,	Lablache,
<i>Don O'Havio</i> ,	Crivelli,	Mario,
<i>Masetto</i> ,	Angisani,	F. Lablache,
<i>Commandatore</i> ,		Botelli.

We leave it to those whose recollections carry them so far back, to draw their own comparisons; we shall only speak as compared with last year; the principal difference was in *Elvira*, in which Rita Borio took the part which Sanchioli now did—and the change was very much for the worse. Rita Borio made something of the character, which Sanchioli does not; besides that, her voice was far better adapted for it. Mlle. Sanchioli has a good deal of vigour, and all is said. Mario sung "*Il mio tesoro*" beautifully, he has exceeded this season his former self by many degrees. Fornasari makes but an indifferent *Don*—he is clumsy in manner, and indeed not suited for the character; this was particularly manifest in "*La ci darem*," why this should be sung as a dirge we do not understand. Grisi, Castellan, and Lablache need no comment from us; but we could wish that Lablache would not step out of his character, although he may create a laugh. F. Lablache made a very good Masetto, and improves on us very much. The band does not go steadily, and we fear, never will, under the present conductor. The Lombardi of Verdi will be produced shortly, so that we shall have an opportunity of hearing what has created some sensation on the Continent.

**DRURY LANE THEATRE.**—A new visitant has lately appeared at this theatre, who, a year or two ago, created some sensation at the Princess's: an Englishwoman by birth, but altogether educated in France, so much so, as to have lost all trace of her original tongue, which she now only speaks as a foreigner. Anns Thillon will prove an attraction, no doubt, as she has on a previous occasion. It must be confessed, that Mr. Bunn has not been so fortunate as he deserved to be in the selection of the operas he has produced: nor can he boast of an operatic company of sufficient strength to carry out his views, so that the arrival of this charming singer will no doubt relieve him from much managerial anxiety. With her powerful aid at command, he need not now trouble himself to look for any fresh musical novelties to relieve the monotony. Any new operatic attempts might turn out like their predecessors, and prove only of use

in the art of sinking instead of raising the exhausted resources; for the "*Fairy Oak*" can never be resuscitated. "*Don Quixote*" may, but not for any useful purpose. The composer's name and standing in this country will probably enable the "*Crusaders*" to give a few flickering flames ere it dies away. And the simplicity of "*Maritana*" may procure for it an occasional representation; but nothing lasting has been elicited by all the encouragement that has been given. Nothing like the "*Norma*," or the "*L'Elisir d'Amore*," or "*Sonnambula*," or many others which have been stigmatized by the very parties who have puffed up the English operas, as the rubbish of the modern Italian school. Fortunately, the public have thought differently and the modern Italian school will win its way among all hearers—when these English operas shall have been consigned to their merited oblivion. We do not say this with any wish to detract from merit—but simply in order to suggest that some different ideas, some more enlarged views, must gain currency among those of our countrymen who compose—if they ever hope to raise a character worthy of the name; the time may yet come, and we shall hail it with delight.

But to return to Thillon; she appeared in the "*Crown Jewels*" on Thursday, April 16th; to speak of her we know no other term to use, than a charming singer, which she unquestionably is; her style of singing is charming—her manner equally so—so graceful—so feminine; she does not possess much power, and occasionally strains her voice so as to impede execution; but no one can fail to be pleased—there is so much fascination about her. Mr. Harrison supported her well; he appears always to take so much pains, that he certainly deserves great credit for it. Miss Poole did what she could with a very secondary part, but Mr. Weiss is very bad in his. There were three airs introduced into the opera; one by Mr. Tully, and two by Mr. H. B. Richards; they are all pleasing, although without any great pretensions. Some critics have been rather severe on these introductions as spoiling the opera; we are not inclined to look upon them in this light, but think that it is very good practise for a young composer, thus by degrees to try his strength; and the music of the "*Crown Jewels*," although very pretty, is not of that transcendent character, as to throw these in the shade—so that no harm has been done, and good may come of it. We should like to hear introductions oftener, it would be a school for the young writers. We hear the Brussels' company, who were here last season, will pay us a visit at the end of the present season, sometime in June—they will be an acquisition.

**PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.**—The 3rd concert took place on the evening of Monday, the 20th, ult., and presented a programme of an attractive kind. A symphony by Spohr, Beethoven's in F., the Overture to *Fidelio*, and one by Onslow. Spohr's was written many years ago expressly for this society; it has seldom been performed; but once, we believe, during the last ten years. Why a work of such merit should have been kept in the back ground is a question to be asked? particularly when complaints were being constantly made that the same things were played over and over again *usque ad nauseam*. The Scherzo and finale are beautiful specimens of instrumentation, especially the former, which was *encored*. The overture to *Fidelio* was also *encored*. Onslow's is a composition of some merit, and certainly worth a hearing, although not possessing any great musical power. We had also a caprice on the piano by Sterndale Bennett, composed by himself. Of this individual we think highly, but he comes not as yet up to our expectation; this caprice contained in reality nothing at all remarkable; and in the playing, if the object is to get through the notes as fast as a man can, Mr. Bennett's execution was perfect. He marks nothing;

there is no declamation, if we may use the term, for music is generally considered a language; and, therefore, as speaking without a meaning is only words—so music, without expression, is nothing but notes. Parish Alvars as a harp-player is known probably as first in the world,—he displays great power and execution on his instrument, the concerto he played is a work of merit, and ranks him as a composer of some ability, the second movement was *encored*, and well deserved it. As a whole, however, it is too long, and would be better for considerable curtailment, more particularly in the last movement. The vocalists were Mad. Caradori Allan, and Signor F. Lablache, we shall not here speak of them, as vocal music is at these concerts considered only secondary to the instrumental. The appointment of Signor Costa as Conductor is beginning to make a great alteration in the appearance of the room; for many a year it was never so well attended as on this occasion. It was quite full—and overflowing. There is something in a name; there is more, however, than a name, for there can be no question but that the execution is very, very much, improved. Some of its former conductors obstinately shut their ears to such a conviction, not so the public: they can appreciate the difference, and give the praise only where it is due. Just as the concert was over, a little man, with a glass in his eye, got up and bawled out for the Dead March in Saul, to the memory of the late Sig. Dragonetti, who for many years was principal double-bass,—and then he began clapping his hands. Whether this was intended for the orchestra, the departed, or himself, we could not quite make out. Every one looked at his neighbour to try and elucidate the mystery. At length the conductor whispered to the first violin—the first violin nodded and grinned; and then stepping forward, announced that there were many reasons why the wish could not be complied with, but one would suffice—which was, simply there were no parts; but at the next concert it should be performed, and so the matter ended. We suppose that this was some obscure individual, who sought this opportunity for a notoriety which perhaps may be denied to him in his other vocations.

**ANCIENT CONCERTS.**—The 3rd Concert took place on the evening of April 22nd, the Duke of Cambridge being the director for the evening. There were fifteen pieces performed, more than half of which were selected from Handel, including several from the *Acis* and *Galatea*. The vocalists were Mad. Caradori Allan, Mrs. Sunderland, Miss Hawes, Messrs. Hawkins, Hobbs, Machin, and F. Lablache. We have on every occasion had reason to eulogize Mad. Caradori; on this evening she exceeded herself, and sang splendidly. Signor F. Lablache has, we presume, taken it into his head to study, and the consequence is, a manifest improvement in his style and execution; and we hope he will continue in his onward career. Miss Hawes sings with much feeling and much effort—so that the pleasure in one case is counterbalanced by the pain on the other. She always appears in the last gasp, more attention to the management of the breath is actually necessary for her. Mrs. Sunderland seems at home in Handel, and sacred music generally; but she does not impress us with any pleasurable emotion. The performance is of the usual character—worse it cannot well be.

**THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.**—The second concert of the season took place on Saturday morning, the 25th ult., and presented a goodly selection of music. The vocalists prominently introduced, were Miss Ransford, Duval, Messent, Bridle, Romer, and Graham. The four first acquitted themselves creditably; Miss Ransford more so than the rest. But of Misses Romer and Graham, pupils of Sig. Crevello, we are compelled to speak in the highest terms; if Miss Graham has more finish, Miss Romer has more fire.—At all events, nothing could have been more satisfactory; the

recitative of the *Clemenza di Tito* was sung by Miss Romer in really first-rate style, we hesitate not to say it could not have been better done. Mr. Chipp played a solo on the violoncello—he produces a very fine tone, and has considerable execution; he may turn out a first-rate player: we hope he will. Mr. Thomas on the harp displayed some power, and at the same time, very neat execution; but the instrument itself is so ungracious, it gives no return for all the trouble bestowed on it. Somehow the music did not go so well as we have been accustomed to hear it at these concerts. The first madrigal went very indifferently, but the second, “In going to my lonely bed,” however redeemed the first failure, and was *encored*. We had almost forgotten a concertante for four violins by Maurer, played by Messrs. Hill, Watson, Simmons, and Thomson. It appears to be a sort of *Multum in Parvo*—a happy contrivance for getting rid of four persons who want to play solos, at once; we cannot therefore decide on the individual merits from this *melange*.

### MONTHLY OBITUARY.

Died, on Thursday, April 16th, Dragonetti, the celebrated Double Bass player; on which instrument he had no equal. He was a Venetian, born in the year 1755, so that he was 91 years old; an eccentric character full of whims and fancies; for upwards of 30 years he has occupied the post of first Double Bass at the Italian Opera, Philharmonic and Ancient Concerts, &c. He was buried at the Roman Catholic Chapel in Moorfields, a numerous assembly of musicians and amateurs being present on the occasion.

### DIARY FOR MAY.

#### EXHIBITIONS, CONCERTS, ETC.

- 1st. Meeting of the Archaeological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland.
- 4th. The Royal Academy Exhibition opens.
- “ Fourth Philharmonic Concert.
- 6th. British Archaeological Association.
- “ Fifth Ancient Concert.
- 8th. Royal Society of Female Musicians,—Evening Concert, Hanover Square Rooms.
- 11th. Meeting of the Royal Institute of British Architects, Grosvenor Square.
- 13th. Sixth Ancient Concert.
- 15th. Mad. Caradori Allan's Morning Concert,—Hanover Square Rooms.
- 18th. Fifth Philharmonic Concert.
- 20th. Meeting of the British Archaeological Association.
- 22nd. Seventh Ancient Concert.
- 23rd. Royal Academy of Music, Third Concert.
- 25th. Royal Institute of British Architects.
- 27th. Eighth Ancient Concert.

#### EXHIBITIONS OPEN.

Society of British Artists, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall,  
Old Water Colour Society, 5, Pall Mall East.  
New Water Colour Society, 53, Pall Mall.

Our Illustration of this month is a Portrait of Michael Angelo, from a Painting by himself, and drawn on stone by Mr. H. C. Maguire.

•• The *Ballad* of this month is by Sig D. Crivelli.

### NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

“A few words on Art in England”—declined with thanks.

#### WORKS FOR REVIEW.

Roscoe's *Life of Leo Xth*: 2 vols. Henry G. Bohn, York Street.  
*Belisarius*; a Tragedy in five acts, by W. R. Scott. Saunders and Otley.

An Essay on the character of Macbeth. C. Mitchell, Red Lion Court.

#### MUSIC.

*Ave Maria*; composed and dedicated to Mrs. Arkwright, by Mrs. Stracey. C. Ollivier, New Bond Street.  
*Beethoven's Mass in C*. D'Almaine and Co., Soho Square.



# L' INVITO .

1

*Andantino Grazioso.*

**PIANO**  
**FORTE.**

Prima ve-ra a suoi bei rai

ve - dell ciel ras-ser e

-nar l'orme sue con suoi bei rai

Sciol to il crin torna a\_ba-

*rall con espress:*

gniar sciol-to il crin tor...na a ba-gliar. Del le

*Col canto.*

*a tempo.*

The musical score is written for a voice and piano. It consists of eight systems of staves. The first system shows the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "graz-zie e deg-li a-mori la fes-teg-gianva.....go stual nuove er". The second system continues the piano accompaniment. The third system shows the vocal melody with the lyrics: "bet.....te e nuo....vi fio-ri le pre-pa.....ra amen.....te cor nuove er". The fourth system shows the piano accompaniment with the instruction "Col Canto". The fifth system shows the vocal melody with the lyrics: "bet-te e nuo....vi fio....ri le pre-pa.....ra a-man-te-cor Deh tuam". The sixth system shows the piano accompaniment with the instruction "marcato". The seventh system shows the vocal melody with the lyrics: "co-ra ritor-na o Ni.....ce le pre-miz.....zie dell' a...mor.... che si". The eighth system shows the piano accompaniment.

graz-zie e deg-li a-mori la fes-teg-gianva.....go stual nuove er  
 bet.....te e nuo....vi fio-ri le pre-pa.....ra amen.....te cor nuove er  
 bet-te e nuo....vi fio....ri le pre-pa.....ra a-man-te-cor Deh tuam  
 co-ra ritor-na o Ni.....ce le pre-miz.....zie dell' a...mor.... che si



lie.....te si fe ti.....ci fan la gioi.....a dell mio cor che si

*rall:* *con dolcezza*  
lie.....te si fe - li.....ci fan la gioi a del mio cor che si

lie-te si fe - li - ci fan la gioi a del mio cor..... vien di

*marcato*

zef-fi-ro e di Flora gia l'e-sem-pio t'in....vi.....to Nuove a-

mor se m'a... mi ar co..... ra Ni..... ce mi... a ti pro..... ve  
 .....rò Ni..... ce mia se m'a mi an..... co..... ra nuo..... vo a...  
*Rall.*  
 mer ti pro..... ve..... ro si si..... ti pro..... ve -  
*Col Canto.*  
 - ro si..... si ti pro..... ve ro.



